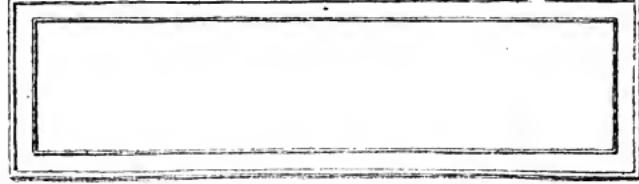


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HYMNS AND ANTHEMS

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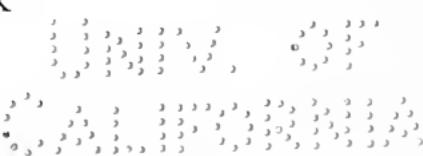
JEWISH WORSHIP

With the compliments of the Editor.

681 Madison Avenue.

NEW YORK

1887



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HYMNS AND ANTHEMS

ADAPTED FOR

JEWISH WORSHIP

SELECTED AND ARRANGED

BY

DR. GUSTAV GOTTHEIL

RABBI OF TEMPLE EMANUEL

NEW YORK

NEW YORK

1887



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1887

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1886

Vorlesungen

Press of
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
New York

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HYMNS AND ANTHEMS

ADAPTED FOR

JEWISH WORSHIP.

CONSTANT PRAISE.

Early will I seek Thee,
God, my refuge strong ;
Late prepare to meet Thee
With my evening song.
Though I to Thy greatness
But with trembling soar,
Since my inmost thinking
Lies Thine eyes before.

What this frail heart dreameth
And my tongue's poor speech—
Can that even distant
To Thy greatness reach ?
Yet, as great in mercy,
Thou wilt not despise
Praises which till death's hour
From my soul shall rise.

ALMIGHTY THE JEWS' PRAYER.

In whatso'er my people sinned, I 'll share
Most willingly the burden that they bear,
And raise my arms in prayer to none but Thee,
Who else would be so merciful to me ?
Yea, e'en though for my faith I suffer death,
To serve Thee I 'll not cease while I draw breath.

O give me strength to hold to Thee for aye !
To let me touch Thy garment's hem, I pray ;
And though Thy dreaded judgments may draw near,
Submissive to Thy will, I have no fear.
I 'll keep Thy covenant unbroken, Lord,
Most dear and precious is to me Thy word.

Thou who so high hast raised me by Thy love,
My eyes look upward to Thy realms above ;
Thou art my strength, on Thee will I rely,
And serve Thee till the moment that I die ;
Thy service I have made my chosen part.
O God ! instil Thy grace into my heart.

3

THE ONE GOD.

One God ! One Lord ! One mighty King !
In unity will Judah sing ;
Transmitting e'er from sire to son,
The truth that God is only One.

Thou Sovereign of the Universe,
 Through ages, 'mid all sects diverse,
 The Hebrew child is taught to praise,
 To lisp Thy name and learn Thy ways.

To Thee alone, when life recedes,
 The dying Israelite still pleads ;
 In one redeeming God and guide
 His fleeting spirit doth confide.

4

PRAYER.

Pray when the morn unveileth
 Her glories to thine eyes ;
 Pray when the sunlight faileth,
 And stars usurp the sky ;
 Far from thy bosom flinging
 Each worldly thought impure,
 The praise of God be singing,
 Mortal, for evermore.

Pray for the friend whose kindness
 Ne'er failed in word or deed ;
 Pray for the foe whose blindness
 Hath caused thy heart to bleed.
 A blessing for thy neighbor
 Ask thou of God above ;
 And on thy hallowed labor
 Shall fall His smile of love.

Beside the stranger's altar,
 Or at thy proper shrine,
 Let not thy accents falter
 In uttering truths divine.
 But e'en when life is waning,
 Thy faith with zeal declare ;
 ONE GOD alone is reigning
 Whose worship none may share.

5

PRAYER FOR ALL MEN.

Pray thou for all who living tread
 Upon this earth of graves ;
 For all whose weary pathway leads
 Among the winds and waves ;
 For those who madly take delight
 In pomp of silken mantle
 Or other vain display ;
 For those who, laboring, suffer still,
 Coming or going, doing ill,
 Or on their heavenward way.

O pray for all the poor besides :
 The prisoner in his cell ;
 And those who in the city wide
 With crime and misery dwell.
 For the wise sage who thinks and dreams ;
 For him who impiously blasphemers
 Religion's holy law.

Pray thou—for prayer is infinite,
 Thy faith may give the scorner light,
 Thy prayer forgiveness draw.

6

ASPIRATION.

One and universal Father !
 Here in reverent thought we gather
 Seeking light in honoring Thee ;
 Free our souls from error's fetter ;
 Make us wiser, make us better ;
 Be our guide, our guardian be !

To the paths of life to win us,
 Thou, O God ! didst plant within us
 Aspirations high and bright ;
 Bring us to Thy presence nearer,
 Let us see Thy glories clearer,
 Till all mists shall melt in light.

7 NOT WHAT I WOULD, BUT WHAT I CAN.

Lord ! who art merciful as well as just,
 Incline Thine ear to me, a child of dust !
 Not what I would, O Lord, I offer Thee,
 Alas ! but what I can.
 Father Almighty, who hast made me man,
 And bade me look to heaven, for Thou art there,
 Accept my sacrifice and humble prayer.

Four things which are not in Thy treasury,
 I lay before Thee, Lord, with this petition :
 My nothingness, my wants,
 My sins, and my contrition.

8

PRAISE YE THE LORD.

Praise ye the Lord ! for it is good
 His mighty acts to magnify ;
 And make those mercies understood
 His hand delights to multiply—
 Praise ye the Lord !

Break forth, O Israel ! into song,
 Let hymns ascend to heaven's vault.
 No sweeter task hath mortal tongue,
 Than its Creator to exalt.

Praise ye the Lord !

9

HOLY GROUND.

Be still ! be still ! for all around,
 On either hand is holy ground :
 Here in His house, the Lord to-day
 Will listen while His people pray.

Thou tossed upon the waves of care,
 Ready to sink with deep despair,
 Here ask relief with heart sincere,
 And thou shalt find that God is here.

Thou who hast dear ones far away,
 In foreign lands, 'mid ocean's spray,
 Pray for them now, and dry the tear,
 And trust the God who listens here.

Thou who art mourning o'er thy sin,
 Deploring guilt that reigns within,
 The God of peace is ever near ;
 The troubled spirit meets Him here.

10 LET ENTER THE KING OF GLORY.

(Psalm xxiv : 7-10.)

O blest the souls, forever blest,
 Where God as sovereign is confest !
 O happy hearts, the blessed homes
 To which the Lord in glory comes.

Fling wide the portals, O my heart !
 Be thou a temple set apart ;
 So shall thy Sovereign enter in,
 And new and nobler life begin.

Deliverer, come ! we open wide
 Our hearts to Thee ; here, Lord, abide !
 Let all Thy blessed reverence feel ;
 O Soul of souls, Thyself reveal.

11

THE OFFERING.

Lord, what offering shall we bring
 At Thine altars when we bow ?
 Hearts, the pure, unsullied spring
 Whence the kind affections flow ;
 Soft compassion's feeling soul,
 By the melting eye expressed ;
 Sympathy, at whose control
 Sorrow leaves the wounded breast ;

Willing hands to lead the blind,
 Bind the wounded, feed the poor ;
 Love, embracing all our kind ;
 Charity, with liberal store.

Teach us, O Thou heavenly King,
 Thus to show our grateful mind,
 Thus the accepted offering bring,
 Love to Thee, and all mankind.

12 GOD IS IN HIS HOLY TEMPLE.

(Psalm xi: 4.)

God is in His holy temple,
 Earthly thoughts be silent now,
 While with reverence we assemble,
 And before His presence bow.

He is with us, now and ever,
 When we call upon His name,
 Aiding every good endeavor,
 Guiding every upward aim.

God is in His holy temple,
 In the pure and holy mind ;
 In the reverent heart and simple ;
 In the soul from sense refined.
 Then let every low emotion
 Banished far and silent be,
 And our souls, in pure devotion,
 Lord, be temples worthy Thee.

13

THE HOUSE OF GOD.

How goodly is Thy house, O Lord !
 Within its courts we turn to Thee,
 Who is by Israel ador'd
 As God to all eternity.

Hither we come to praise Thy name,
 Humbly to seek Thy gracious face ;
 Thy truth and greatness to proclaim
 In this, Thy holy dwelling-place.

Accord us, then, Thy tender love ;
 Unto our pray'rful words give ear ;
 Grant them acceptance from above,
 And to our plaint be ever near.

14 NOW THANK WE ALL OUR GOD.

Now thank we all our God
With hearts and hands and voices,
Who wondrous things has done,
In whom this world rejoices ;
Who, from our mothers' arms
Has blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts,
And blessed peace to cheer us ;
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

15 NATURE'S WORSHIP.

The harp at nature's advent strung
Has never ceased to play ;
The song the stars of morning sung
Has never died away.

The green earth sends her incense up
From many a mountain shrine ;
From folded leaf and dewy cup
She pours her sacred wine.

The blue sky is the temple's arch,
 Its transept, earth and air ;
 The music of its starry march,
 The chorus of a prayer.

So nature keeps the reverent frame
 With which her years began,
 And all her signs and voices shame
 The prayerless heart of man.

16

BLESS YE THE LORD.

Angels holy,
 High and lowly
 Sing the praises of the Lord !
 Earth and sky, all living nature,
 Man, the stamp of thy Creator,
 Praise ye, praise ye, God, the Lord.

Sun and moon, bright,
 Night and noon light,
 Starry temples azure-floored,
 Cloud and rain, and wild wind's madness,
 Breeze that floats with genial gladness,
 Praise ye, praise ye, God, the Lord.

ONE VOICE.

Ocean hoary
 Tell His glory !
 Rock and highland,
 Wood and island,
 Rolling river,
 Praise Him ever
 Praise ye, praise ye, God, the Lord !

ALL.

Bond and freeman,
 Land and seaman,
 Earth with peoples widely stored,
 Wanderer lone o'er prairies ample,
 Full-voiced choir in costly temple,
 Praise ye, praise ye, God, the Lord !

Praise Him ever,
 Bounteous Giver,
 Praise Him, Father, Friend, and Lord !
 Each glad soul its free course winging,
 Each blithe voice its free song singing—
 Praise the great and mighty Lord !

17

YEARNING FOR GOD.

(Psalm lxxxiv.)

How lovely are Thy dwellings fair
 O Lord of Hosts, how dear
 The pleasant tabernacles are
 Where Thou dost dwell so near.

My soul doth long, yea, even faint
 Thy courts, O Lord, to see ;
 My heart and flesh are crying out,
 O living God, for Thee.

Behold, the sparrow findeth out
 A house wherein to rest ;
 The swallow also for herself
 Hath found a peaceful nest.

Blest all who dwell within Thy house,
 They ever give Thee praise ;
 And blest the man whose strength Thou art,
 In whose heart are Thy ways.

18

HYMN OF THE CITY.

Not in the solitude
 Alone may man commune with heaven, or see
 Only in savage wood
 And sunny vale the present Deity ;
 Or only hear His voice
 Where the winds whisper and the waves rejoice.

Even here do I behold
 Thy steps, Almighty !—here amidst the crowd,
 Through the great city rolled
 With everlasting murmur deep and loud,
 Choking the ways that wind
 'Mongst the proud piles, the work of human kind,

Thy spirit is around,
 Quicken the restless mass that sweeps along ;
 And this eternal sound—
 Voices and footfalls of the numberless throng,—
 Like the resounding sea,
 Or like the rainy tempest, speaks of Thee.

And when the hours of rest
 Come, like a calm upon the mid-sea brine,
 Hushing its billowy breast,
 The quiet of that moment, too, is Thine ;
 It breathes of Him who keeps
 The vast and helpless city while it sleeps.

19

UNFAILING MERCIES.

Evening and morning,
 Sunset and dawning,
 Wealth, peace, and gladness,
 Comfort and sadness ;
 These are Thy works, all the glory be Thine.
 Times without number,
 Awake or in slumber,
 Thine eye observes us ;
 From danger preserve us
 Causing Thy mercy upon us to shine.
 Father, O hear me !
 Pardon and spare me !
 Quench all my terrors,

Blot out my errors,
 That by Thine eyes they may no more be scanned.
 Order my goings,
 Direct my doings ;
 As it may please Thee ;
 Retain or release me—
 All I commit to Thy fatherly hand.

20 LIFE-LONG PRAISE.

In God, the holy, wise, and just,
 From childhood's tender years,
 Have I repos'd, with perfect trust,
 My changing hopes and fears.

From every page that time has turned,
 Since that bright season fled,
 Some useful lessons have I learned,
 Some striking moral read.

The prize, ambition keenly sought,
 A worthless bubble proved ;
 The web of gold, by av'rice wrought,
 A mighty hand removed.

Oh, should my term of life exceed,
 Frail man's allotted days,
 Until the last my prayer would plead
 For strength to praise my God !

21 AS PANTS THE HART.

(Psalm xlii.)

As pants the hart for cooling streams
 When heated in the chase
 So longs my soul for Thee, O God !
 And Thy refreshing grace.

For Thee, My God, the living God,
 My thirsting soul doth pine ;
 O when shall I behold Thy face,
 Thy majesty divine ?

Why restless, why cast down, my soul ?
 Trust God who will employ
 His aid for thee, and change these sighs
 To thankful hymns of joy.

Why restless, why cast down, my soul ?
 Hope still and thou shalt sing
 The praise of Him who is thy Lord,
 Thy health's eternal spring.

22

FINDING GOD.

Three things there are that to my eyes
 Proclaim Thy name in certain wise,
 I see Thee there in various guise.

I find Thee in the heaven blue
 That round the earth—Thy witness true—
 Doth wind about, for all to view.

The earth itself, my dwelling-place,
 Calls on my spirit, in its face
 Thee, mighty Master, there to trace.

And thou, my soul, praise joyously
 Thy God, whom, while beholding thee,
 I clearly there revealèd see.

23 THE THOUGHT OF GOD.

(Psalm lxxiv : 25.)

One thought I have, my ample creed,
 So deep it is and broad,
 And equal to my every need—
 It is the thought of God.

Each morn unfolds some fresh surprise ;
 I feast at life's full board ;
 And rising in my inner skies
 Shines forth the thought of God.

At night my gladness is my prayer ;
 I drop my daily load,
 And every care is pillow'd there
 Upon the thought of God.

I ask not far before to see,
 But take in trust my road ;
 Life, death, and immortality,
 Are in my thought of God.

To this their secret strength they owed
 The martyr's path who trod ;
 The fountain of their patience flowed
 From out their thought of God.

Be still the light upon my way,
 My pilgrim staff and rod,
 My rest by night, my strength by day,
 O blessed thought of God.

24

GOD IN NATURE.

The spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue ethereal sky,
 And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
 The great Original proclaim.
 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
 Does his Creator's power display,
 And publishes to every land
 The work of an almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
 And mighty to the listening earth

Repeats the story of her birth ;
 While all the stars that 'round her burn,
 And all the planets in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings, as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
 Move 'round this dark, terrestrial ball ;
 What though no real voice nor sound
 Amid their radiant orbs be found ;
 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice ;
 Forever singing as they shine,
 "The hand that made us is divine."

25 FOR DIRECTION.

Lord of might and Lord of glory,
 Humbly do I bow before Thee ;
 With my whole heart I adore Thee,
 Great Lord !

Listen to my cry, O Lord !

Passions proud and fierce have ruled me,
 Fancies light and vain have fooled me,
 But Thy training stern hath schooled me ;

Now, Lord,
 Take me for Thy child, O Lord !

Groping dim and bending lowly,
 Mortal vision catcheth slowly
 Glimpses of the pure and holy ;
 Now, Lord,
 Open Thou mine eyes, O Lord !

In the deed that no man knoweth,
 Where no praiseful trumpet bloweth,
 Where he may not reap who soweth,
 There, Lord,
 Let my heart serve Thee, O Lord.

In the work that no gold payeth,
 Where he speedeth best who prayeth,
 Doeth most who little sayeth,
 There, Lord,
 Let me work Thy will, O Lord !

26

GOD OUR FATHER.

Is there a lone and dreary hour,
 When worldly pleasures lose their power ?
 My Father ! let me turn to Thee,
 And set each thought of darkness free.

Is there a time of racking grief
 Which scorns the prospect of relief ?
 My Father ! break the cheerless gloom,
 And bid my heart its calm resume.

Is there an hour of peace and joy,
When hope is all my soul's employ ?
My Father ! still my hope will roam,
Until they rest with Thee, their home.

The noontide blaze, the midnight scene,
The dawn or twilight's sweet serene,
The glow of health, the dying hour,
Shall own my Father's grace and power.

27

BE STILL TO GOD.

Oh, let my trembling soul be still
While darkness veils this mortal eye,
And wait Thy wise and holy will,
Though wrapt in fears and mystery !
I cannot, Lord, Thy purpose see,
Yet all is well since ruled by Thee.

So, trusting in Thy love, I tread
The narrow path of duty on.
What though some cherished joys are fled ;
What though some flattering dreams are gone ;
Yet purer, nobler joys remain,
And peace is won through conquered pain.

28 REJOICE WITH TREMBLING.

Rejoice with trembling ; yet rejoice ;
 For in the stillness of the soul
 A voice is audible, a voice
 No will can silence or control ;
 And this the language mortals hear :
 Tears have their joy, and joys their tear.

Rejoice with trembling ; every good
 Has shadows darkening ; every grief
 Has bliss for its vicissitude,
 Toil, rest, affliction, and relief,
 The cheering sound, the chastening rod,
 But over all the hand of God.

29 HEAR OUR PRAYERS.

(CHANT.)

Hear, Father, hear our prayer !

Thou who art pity where sorrow prevaleth ;
 Thou who art safety when mortal help faileth,
 Strength to the feeble, and hope to despair :
 Hear, Father, hear our prayer !

Hear, Father, hear our prayer !

Wandering alone in the land of the stranger,
 Be with all travellers in sickness and danger ;
 Guard Thou their path, guide their feet from
 the snare :

Hear, Father, hear our prayer !

Hear Thou the poor that cry !
 Help us to help them and lighten their sorrow ;
 Grant them the sunshine of hope for the morrow ;
 They are Thy children ; their trust is on high :
 Hear Thou the poor that cry !

Dry Thou the mourner's tear !
 Bind up the wounds of time-hallowed affection ;
 Grant to the widow and orphan protection ;
 Be in their trouble a friend ever near :
 Dry Thou the mourner's tear !

Hear, Father, hear our prayer !
 Long hath Thy goodness our footsteps attended ;
 Be with the pilgrim whose journey is ended,
 When at Thy summons for death we prepare :
 Hear, Father, hear our prayer !

30 GOD OUR STRENGTH.

(Isaiah xl: 28-31.)

Have ye not seen ? have ye not heard ?
 And has it not been told to you
 From the beginning that the Lord
 Will strengthen, will uphold you ?
 If, struggling through life's weary race,
 You keep His law, and seek His face.

Yes ! ye have heard, and ye have seen :
 The Wise, the Great, the Holy,
 Will ever be what He hath been,
 The refuge of the lowly ;
 Who, from the depth of prayer's recess,
 Seek strength from His almighty ness.

Was it not told you from the first
 He faints not, tires not ever ?
 He still is merciful as erst ;
 His goodness waneth never.
 Then trust to Him in all your way ;
 He knows not darkness nor decay.

31

LOOKING UNTO GOD.

(Psalm xxx : 12, 13.)

I look to Thee in every need,
 And never look in vain ;
 I feel Thy touch, Eternal Love,
 And all is well again ;
 The thought of Thee is mightier far
 Than sin and pain and sorrow are.

Discouraged in the work of life,
 Disheartened by its load,
 Shamed by its failures or its fears,

I sink beside the road ;
But let me only think of Thee,
And then new heart springs up in me.

Thy calmness bends serene above,
My restlessness to still ;
Around me flows Thy quickening life,
To nerve my faltering will ;
Thy presence fills my solitude ;
Thy providence turns all to good.

Embosomed deep in Thy dear love ;
Held in Thy law, I stand ;
Thy hand in all things I behold,
And all things in Thy hand ;
Thou leadest me by unsought ways,
And turn'st my mourning into praise.

32 JOY AFTER SORROW.

Cometh sunshine after rain ;
After mourning, joy again ;
After heavy bitter grief
Dawneth surely sweet relief :
And my soul who from her height
Sank to realms of woe and night,
Wingeth now to heaven her flight.

None was ever left a prey,
 None was ever turned away,
 Who had given himself to God,
 And on Him had cast his load :

Who in God his hope has placed
 Shall not life in pain outwaste,
 Fullest joy he yet shall taste.

Though to-day may not fulfil
 All my hopes, have patience still ;
 For, perchance, to-morrow's sun
 Sees thy happier days begun :

As God willeth march the hours,
 Bringing joy at last in showers,
 When whate'er we ask is ours.

I will meet distress and pain,
 I will greet e'en death's dark reign,
 I will lay me in the grave
 With a heart still strong and brave :

Whom the Strongest doth defend,
 Whom the Highest counts His friend,
 Cannot perish in the end.

33 GOD'S COUNSEL UNSEARCHABLE.

Wait, O my soul ! thy Maker's will ;
 Tumultuous passions, all be still ;
 Nor let one murmuring thought arise :
 His ways are just, His counsels wise.

He in the thickest darkness dwells,
 Performs the work, the cause conceals ;
 And though His footsteps are unknown,
 Judgment and truth support His throne.

In heaven and earth, in air and seas,
 He executes his wise decrees ;
 Know this alone and be at rest,—
 That what He does is ever best.

Wait then, my soul, submissive wait ;
 With reverence bow before His feet ;
 Though paths of pain thou oft has trod,
 Trust in a wise and gracious God.

34 FATHER TO THEE WE LOOK.

(Psalm xxx.)

Father, to Thee we look in all our sorrow,
 Thou art the fountain whence our healing flows,
 Dark though the night, joy cometh with the morrow ;
 Safely they rest who on Thy love repose.

When fond hopes fail and skies are dark before us,
 When the vain cares that vex our lives increase,—
 Comes with its calm the thought that Thou art
 o'er us,
 And we grow quiet, folded in Thy peace.

Naught shall affright us, on Thy goodness leaning,
 Low in the heart faith singeth still her song ;
 Chastened by pains we learn life's deeper meaning,
 And in our weakness Thou dost make us strong.

Patient, O heart, though heavy be thy sorrows !
 Be not cast down, disquieted in vain ;
 Yet shalt thou praise Him when these darkened
 furrows,
 Where now He plougheth, wave with golden grain.

35

PRAYER IN GRIEF.

To Thee, my God, whose presence fills
 The earth, the seas, and skies,
 To Thee, whose name, whose heart is love,
 With all my powers I rise.

Troubles in long successions roll,
 Wave rushes upon wave ;
 Pity, O pity my distress !
 Thy child, Thy suppliant, save !

To Thee, my God, alone I look,
 On Thee alone confide ;
 Thou never hast deceived the soul
 That on Thy grace relied.

Though oft Thy ways are wrapped in clouds,
 Mysterious and unknown,
 Truth, righteousness, and mercy stand
 The pillars of Thy throne.

36 NONE IS LIKE GOD.

Who is like Thee, O Universal Lord !
 Who dare Thy praise and glory share ?
 Who is in heaven, Most High, like Thee adored ?
 Who can on earth with Thee compare ?
 Thou art the One true God alone,
 And firmly founded is Thy throne.

Thy tender love embraces all mankind,
 As children all by Thee are blest ;
 Repentant sinners with Thee mercy find,
 Thy hand upholdeth the opprest ;
 All worlds attest Thy power sublime,
 Thy glory shines in every clime.

37 THOU SHALT LOVE THE LORD THY GOD.

“ Thus shalt thou love the Almighty Lord
 With all thy heart and soul and mind,”
 So speaks to men that sacred word
 For counsel and reproof designed.

“With all thy heart” ; each idol thing,
To God must all the sway resign,
Nor o'er thy breast a shadow fling,
To darken that pure love of thine.

“With all thy mind” ; each varied power,
Creative fancy, musings high,
And thoughts that glance behind, before,—
These must religion sanctify.

“With soul and strength” ; thy days of ease,
While vigor nerves each youthful limb,
And hope and joy, and health and peace,—
All must be freely brought to Him.

O Power supreme, in whom we move !
Vouchsafe Thy servants, in their day,
The mind to adore, the heart to love,
And strength to serve Thee, while they may.

38

GOD'S OMNISCIENCE.

(Psalm cxxxix.)

Lord, Thou hast searched and seen me through ;
Thine eye commands, with piercing view,
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart, my flesh, with all their powers.

My thoughts, before they are my own,
 Are to my God distinctly known,
 He knows the words I mean to speak
 Ere from my opening lips they break.

Within Thy circling power I stand ;
 On every side I find Thy hand ;
 Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
 I am surrounded still with God.

Amazing knowledge, vast and great !
 What large extent ! what lofty height !
 My soul, with all the powers I boast,
 Is in the boundless prospect lost.

O may these thoughts possess my breast
 Where'er I rove, where'er I rest,
 Nor let my weaker passions dare
 Consent to sin, for God is there !

39

OUR GUIDING STAR.

(Psalm xxxvii: 3.)

Courage, brother, do not stumble,
 Though thy path be dark as night ;
 There is a star to guide the humble :
 “ Trust in God and do the right.”

Let the road be rough and dreary,
 And its end far out of sight,
 Foot it bravely ! strong or weary,
 “ Trust in God and do the right.”

Perish policy and cunning !
 Perish all that fears the light !
 Whether losing, whether winning,
 “ Trust in God and do the right.”

Simple rule and safest guiding,
 Inward peace and inward might,
 Star upon our path abiding,—
 “ Trust in God and do the right.”

Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
 Some will flatter, some will slight ;
 Cease from man and look above thee :
 “ Trust in God and do the right.”

40 THE PATH OF SALVATION.

O Lord, my God, to Thee I pray
 For knowledge and for light,
 That from Thy path I may not stray,
 If darkness veils my sight.
 For Thee I yearn, I fondly yearn ;
 Be Thou my guide at ev'ry turn,
 So that my will be strong and just,
 My heart imbued with constant trust.

O shed Thy light into my soul,
 That I may understand,
 To reach salvation's happy goal,
 Directed by Thy hand.
 Each duty be my fond delight,
 My courage true, to do the right ;
 In weal and woe, in joy and pain,
 Let hope and faith my heart sustain.

41

GOD IS OUR REFUGE.

God is my strong salvation,
 What foe have I to fear ?
 In darkness and temptation,
 My light, my help, is near ;
 Though hosts encamp around me,
 Firm to the fight I stand ;
 What terror can confound me
 With God at my right hand ?

Place on the Lord reliance ;
 My soul with courage wait ;
 His truth be thine affiance,
 When faint and desolate ;
 His might thy heart shall strengthen,
 His love thy joy increase,
 Mercy thy days shall lengthen ;
 The Lord will give thee peace.

42 PRAYER OF THE LOWLY.

From the recesses of a lowly spirit,
Our humble prayer ascends : O Father, hear it,
Upsoaring on the wings of awe and meekness ;
 Forgive its weakness !

We see Thy hand : it leads us, it supports us ;
We hear Thy voice : it counsels and it courts us ;
And then we turn away ; and still Thy kindness
 Forgives our blindness.

Father and Helper ! plant within each bosom
The seeds of holiness, and bid them blossom
In fragrance, and in beauty bright and vernal,
 And spring eternal.

Then place them in Thine everlasting gardens,
Where angels walk, and seraphs are the wardens ;
Where every flower, escaped through death's dark
 portal,
 Becomes immortal.

43 OUR GUARDIAN SLUMBERS NOT.

Lo, our Father's tender care
Slumbers not, nor sleepeth ;
Gracious gifts His lavish hand
Daily on us heapeth.

Though the skies in darkness lower,
Is not God our sheltering tower?

Tremble not!

At His word the storm is still,
Perils vanish at His will;
And His love ordains our lot,—
Lo, our Guardian slumbers not.

Lo, our Father's gracious love
Slumbers not, nor sleepeth;
Trust with all thy heart in Him,
Who thy portion keepeth;
Who till now protection granted,
And thy fortune wisely planted.

Fear thou not!

God, who life and being grants,
Surely knoweth all our wants;
And His love ordains our lot,—
Lo, our Guardian slumbers not.

44

WALK BEFORE GOD.

Father, Thou hast taught the way
We should walk before Thy eyes;
Grant us Thy support, we pray,
To contend for virtue's prize.
Knowledge, will, and deed, O Lord!
With Thy precepts may accord.

God of glory and of love,
 We devote our hearts to Thee ;
 Mayest Thou our work approve,
 And our guide forever be.
 Grant that wisdom, virtue, peace,
 Spread and blossom and increase.

45

THE HONORER.

And He changeth the times and seasons ;
 He removeth kings and setteth up kings.

(Dan. ii : 21.)

Thou, Sovereign, Lord of all !
 Kingdoms and kings Thou makest and unmakest ;
 This one Thou takest, that one Thou forsakest ;
 Alike are great and small ;
 Into Thy hands they fall.

In Thy dread hand they rest ;
 Their nights and days, their waking and their
 sleeping,
 Their birth and life and death lie in Thy keeping.
 “ Be thus ! ” to each Thou sayst ;
 And thus to be, is best.

Though it seem good or ill,
 It 's well !—to Thee we do our souls resign,
 Bending our heads to Thee, our sacred shrine,
 Seeking no honor still
 Save from Thy will.

46

THE BEST REWARD.

I shall be satisfied when I awake.

(Psalm xvii : 15.)

He is sufficient, and He makes suffice ;
Praise thus again thy Lord, mighty and wise.

God is enough ! Thou who in hope and fear
Toilest through desert sands of life, sore tried,
Climb trustful over death's black ridge, for near
The bright wells shine ; thou wilt be satisfied.

God doth suffice ! O thou, the patient one,
Who puttest faith in Him and none beside,
Bear yet thy load ; under the setting sun
The glad tints gleam ; thou wilt be satisfied.

By Him who points the time, peace ye shall have ;
Man is in loss, except he live aright,
And help his fellow to be firm and brave,
Faithful and patient ; then the restful night !

47

THE GOD OF GLADNESS.

If a mortal man might sing
Theme above all mortal wing ;
If the creatures of the clay
With the name of God might play ;
If the moulded breath might tell
All that stirs the soul's deep well,
I would sing a song of glee,
Father of all songs, to Thee.

What Thou art no tongue may say;
I remember I am clay ;
Scarcely knowing brother man,
Shall I venture God to scan ?
From within and from without,
Full of dream and full of doubt,
Feeling only lent from Thee.
This glad being, God of glee.

If my tongue must lisp its lay,
I will speak what best I may ;
I will say, Thou art my soul,
Weaving wisely through the whole ;
I will say Thou art a power
Working good from hour to hour ;
I will say, Thou art to me
Light and life and love and glee.

Thou art each and Thou art all
In creation's living hall ;
Every breathing shape of beauty,
Every solemn voice of duty,
Every high and holy mood,
All that 's great, and all that 's good,—
All is echo sent from Thee,
God of gladness, God of glee.

48

LIVING ALTARS.

Lord of all being ! throned afar,
 Thy glory flames from sun and star ;
 Centre and soul of every sphere,
 Yet to each loving heart how near !

Sun of our life, Thy quick'ning ray
 Sheds on our path the glow of day ;
 Star of our hope, Thy softened light
 Cheers the long watches of the night.

Lord of all life, below, above,
 Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
 Before Thy ever-blazing throne
 We ask no lustre of our own.

Grant us Thy truth to make us free,
 And kindling hearts that burn for Thee,
 Till all Thy living altars claim
 One holy light, one heavenly flame.

49

GOD WITH US.

How precious are Thy thoughts of peace,
 O God ! to me ; how great their sum !
 New every morn, they never cease ;
 They were, they are, and yet shall come ;
 In number and in compass more
 Than ocean's sand on ocean's shore.

How from Thy presence should I go,
 Or whither from Thy spirit flee ?
 Since all above, around, below,
 Exists in Thine immensity.
 I feel Thine all-controlling will,
 And Thy right hand upholds me still.

Search me, O God ! and know my heart ;
 Try me, my secret soul survey ;
 And warn Thy servant to depart
 From every false and evil way ;
 So shall Thy truth my guidance be
 To life and immortality.

50

FOR LIGHT AND LOVE.

“ God, and all goodness.”

(A Welsh motto.)

Grant me, O God, to Thee to fly
 For comfort when the storm is nigh ;
 Strong in Thy refuge let me stand,
 Strong in the succor of Thy hand.

Oh ! let my converse, Lord, with Thee
 From bonds of errors set me free ;
 Let th’ enlight’ning of my mind
 Remove the shades that keep me blind.

Grant me the power, the right to see,
To love the good who follow Thee ;
And in that love, oh ! grant the love
Of all on earth, of God above.

51**ALL AS GOD WILLS.**

All as God wills, who wisely heeds
To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told.

Enough that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track ;
That wheresoe'er my feet have swerved
Thy chastening drove me back ;

That more and more a providence
Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Bright with eternal good ;

That death seems but a covered way
Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight.

52 RELIEF IN SORROW.

Wouldst thou from sorrow find a sweet relief?
Or in thy heart, oppressed with woes untold,
Balm wouldst thou gather from corroding grief?
Pour blessings round thee like a shower of gold.
'T is when the rose is wrapped in many a fold,
Close to its heart the worm is wasting there
Its life and beauty: not when, all unrolled
Leaf after leaf, its bosom, rich and fair,
Breathes freely its perfumes throughout the ambient air.

Some high or humble enterprise of good
Contemplate, till it shall possess thy mind,
Become thy study, pastime, rest, and food,
And kindle in thy heart a flame refined.
Pray heaven for firmness thy whole soul to bind
To this thy purpose—to begin, pursue
With thoughts all fixed and feeling purely kind,
Strength to complete, and with delight review,
And grace to give the praise where all is ever due.

Rouse to some high and holy love,
And thou an angel's happiness shalt know,—
Shalt bless the earth while in the world above.
The good begun by thee shall outward flow
In many a drenching stream, and wider grow;

The seed that, in these few and fleeting hours
Thy hands unsparing and unwearied sow,
Shall deck thy grave with amaranthine flowers,
And yield thee fruits divine in heaven's immortal
bowers.

53 THE MYSTERY OF MAN.

O solemn thought !
God's image in my being wrought !
God's likeness in my frailty cast !
God's presence, for all space too vast,
Abiding in this little tent,
But for my earthly journey lent.

O solemn thought !
From higher spheres to mortals brought !
Of changeless light a shadeless ray
Illuming this dark house of clay,
And opening to the raptured eyes
A brighter world than starlit skies.

O solemn thought !
With high and holy duties fraught !
Though coiled around with nature's chain,
Yet crowned within her laws' domain
With royal sovereignty of will
To choose the good or choose the ill.

O solemn thought !

The trumpet sound : I ought ; I ought !
 Which, though a thousand times I fall,
 Unbroken keeps its solemn call.
 Nor passion's storm, nor reasoning art
 Can silence in the wayward heart.

O solemn thought !

Do I not know that I am naught ?
 Yet more than all this vast world's frame,
 Since I can ask, from whence it came ;
 May find its Maker and adore—
 Nor sink despairing by the shore.

O solemn thought !

To reach thy depth yet vainly sought !
 Fill me with awe of man and God,
 Be thou my guiding, chastening rod,
 To my true self bring me so near
 That I the voice of God may hear.

54

GOD WITH MAN.

When up to nightly skies we gaze
 Where stars pursue their endless ways,
 We think we see from earth's low clod
 The wide and shining home of God.

This earth with all its dust and tears,
 Is His no less than yonder spheres ;
 And rain-drops weak, and grains of sand,
 Are stamped by His immediate hand.

And is this all that man can claim ?
 Is this our longing's final aim ?
 To be like all things round, no more
 Than pebbles cast on Time's gray shore ?

Not this our doom, Thou God benign !
 Whose rays on us unclouded shine ;
 Thy breath sustains yon fiery dome ;
 But man is most Thy favored home.

We view these halls of painted air,
 And own Thy presence makes them fair ;
 But dearer still to Thee, O Lord,
 Is he whose thoughts to Thine accord.

55 DESIRE FOR DIVINE WISDOM.

When Samuel heard in still midnight
 A voice amid God's presence bright,
 He rose and said on bended knee :
 " Speak, Lord, Thy servant heareth Thee."

E'en such a voice I, too, may hear,
 E'en such a light my soul may cheer ;
 For wisdom's words by God were given,
 And reason is a ray of heaven.

Then will I feed this sacred fire ;
 For wisdom's precepts still inquire ;
 Still pray from pride and folly free :
 " Speak, Lord, Thy servant heareth Thee."

But not alone within His hall
 Shall my hushed soul attend His call ;
 He whispers from the woods at noon,
 And calls me forth beneath the moon.

 His voice shall drown the hum of men,
 And echo from the deep again ;
 Where'er He is my prayer shall be :
 "Speak, Lord, Thy servant heareth Thee."

56

ADMONITION.

Long in the lap of childhood didst thou sleep,
 Think how thy youth like chaff did disappear,
 Shall life's sweet spring for ever last ? look up !
 Old age approaches ominously near.

O shake thou off the world, e'en as the bird
 Shakes off the midnight dew that clogs his wings ;
 Soar upward ! seek deliverance from thy chains
 And from the earthly dross that round thee clings.

57

REMEMBER.

(Eccl. xii.)

Remember Him, the only One,
 Now, e'er the years flow by ;
 Now, while the smile is on thy lip,
 The light within thine eye ;

Now, e'er for thee the sun have lost
 Its glory and its light ;
 Or earth rejoice thee not with flowers,
 Nor with its stars the night.

Now, while thou lovest all on earth,
 And deemest all will last,
 Before thy hope has vanished quite,
 And every joy has past,—
 Remember Him, the only One,
 Before the days draw nigh,
 When thou shalt have no joy in them,
 And, praying, yearn to die.

58 IN THE TIME OF OLD AGE.

(Psalm xxv.: 7 ; lxxi : 9.)

If, gracious God ! in life's green ardent year,
 A thousand times Thy patient love I tried,
 With reckless heart, with conscience hard and sear,
 Thy gifts perverted and Thy power defied,—
 Oh ! grant me now, that winter snows appear
 Around my brow and youth's bright promise hide,—
 Grant me with reverential awe to hear
 Thy holy voice and in Thy word confide !

Blot from my book of life its early stain !
 Since days misspent will never more return,
 My future path do Thou in mercy trace ;
 So cause my soul with pious zeal to burn,
 That all the trust which in Thy name I place,
 Frail as I am, may not prove wholly vain !

59

AS THE GRASS.

My days are as the grass ;
 Swiftly my seasons pass ;
 And like the flowers of the field I fade.
 O soul, dost thou not see
 The wise have likened thee
 To the most living creature that is made ?

My days are as the grass ;
 The sliding waters pass
 Under my roots ; upon me drops the cloud ;
 And not the stately trees
 Have kinder ministries ;
 The heavens are too lofty to be proud.

My days are as the grass ;
 The feet of trouble pass,
 And leave me trampled that I cannot rise ;
 But wait a little while,
 And I shall lift and smile
 Before the sweet, congratulating skies.

My days are as the grass ;
 Soon out of sight I pass,
 And in the bleak earth must hide my head.
 The wind that passes o'er
 Will find my place no more,—
 The wind of death will tell that I am dead.

But how shall I rejoice
 When I shall hear the voice
 Of Him who, keeping spring with Him alway,
 Lest hope from man should pass,
 Has made us as the grass,—
 The grass that always has another day.

60 THE RIGHTEOUS MAN.

(Psalm i.)

The man in life, where'er plac'd,
 Hath happiness in store,
 Who walks not in the wicked's way,
 Nor learns their guilty lore.

Not from the seat of scornful pride
 Casts forth his eyes abroad,
 But, with humility and awe,
 Still walks before his God.

That man shall flourish like the trees
Which by the streamlets grow ;
The fruitful top is spread on high,
And firm the root below.

But he whose blossoms bud in guilt
Shall to the ground be cast,
And like the ruthless stubble tost
Before the sweeping blast.

For why ? that God, the good adore,
Hath giv'n them peace and rest,
But hath decreed that wicked men
Shall ne'er be truly blest.

61 THE HAPPINESS OF PEACE.

How happy is he born or taught
Who serveth not another's will ;
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his highest skill ;
Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death ;
Not tied unto the world with care
Of public fame or private breath.

Who God doth late and early pray,
 More of His grace than goods to lend,
 And walks with man, from day to day,
 As with a brother and a friend !
 This man is freed from servile hands.
 Of hope to rise, or fears to fall,
 Lord of himself, though not of lands,
 And having nothing, yet hath all.

62

WAITING.

Not so in haste, my heart,
 Have faith in God and wait ;
 Although He linger long,
 He never comes too late.

He never comes too late ;
 He knoweth what is best ;
 Vex not thyself in vain.
 Until He cometh, rest.

Until He cometh, rest ;
 Nor grudge the hours that roll ;
 The feet that wait for God
 Are soonest at the goal.

Are soonest at the goal
 That is not gained by speed ;
 Then hold thee still, my heart,
 For I shall wait His lead.

63 HASTE NOT ! REST NOT !

Without haste ! without rest !
 Bind the motto to thy breast ;
 Bear it with thee as a spell ;
 Storm or sunshine, guard it well !
 Heed not flowers that round thee bloom,
 Bear it onward to the tomb !

Haste not ! let no thoughtless deed
 Mar for aye the spirit's speed ;
 Ponder well and know the right,
 Onward then with all thy might,
 Haste not, years can ne'er atone
 For one reckless action done.

Rest not ! Life is sweeping by,
 Go and dare before you die :
 Something mighty and sublime
 Leave behind to conquer time !
 Glorious 't is to live for aye
 When these forms have passed away.

Haste not ! rest not ! calmly wait ;
 Meekly bear the storms of fate !
 Duty be thy polar guide.
 Do the right whate'er betide !
 Haste not ! rest not ! conflicts past,
 God shall crown thy work at last.

64

PSALM OF LIFE.

Tell me not in mournful numbers :
 Life is but an empty dream !
 For the soul is dead that slumbers,
 And things are not what they seem.

Life is real, life is earnest,
 And the grave is not its goal ;
 "Dust thou art, to dust returnest"—
 Was not spoken of the soul.

Art is long and time is fleeting,
 And our hearts, though stout and brave,
 Still like muffled drums are beating
 Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
 In the bivouac of life—
 Be not like dumb, driven cattle,—
 Be a hero in the strife !

Lives of great men all remind us,
 We can make our lives sublime ;
 And, departing, leave behind us
 Footprints in the sands of time.

Footprints that, perhaps, another,
 Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
 Some forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
 Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
 With a heart for any fate ;
 Still achieving, still pursuing,
 Learn to labor and to wait.

65

THE REFORMER.

O pure reformers ! not in vain
 Your trust in human kind,
 The good which bloodshed could not gain
 Your peaceful zeal shall find.

The truths ye urge are borne abroad
 By every wind and tide ;
 The voice of nature and of God
 Speaks out upon your side.

The weapons which your hands have found
 Are those which heaven has wrought :
 Light, truth, and love ; your battle ground—
 The free broad field of thought.

Press on, and if we may not share,
 The glory of your fight,
 We 'll ask at least in earnest prayer
 God's blessing on the right.

66

NOT CAST AWAY.

(Day of Atonement.)

They of great faith have ceased,
 Men girt with spirit-power,
 Who, standing in the breach,
 Became our shelt'ring tower.

They wrestled through the night,
 Whilst we from God had turned ;
 Lay prostrate in the dust,
 As His fierce anger burned.

They changed to mercy—wrath,
 And stay'd the chast'ning rod ;
 For their sakes we found grace
 With an offended God.

Woe, woe ! that through our sins
 Our helpers we have lost !
 They are now at their rest,
 Whilst we by tempests tossed.

For those of mighty hearts
 We search the earth in vain ;
 And yet will not despair
 God's gracious ear to gain.

Alone we come to Thee
 In sorrow and in shame ;
 With daring hope and trust
 Now Thy forgiveness claim.

O blest the gracious word,
 Th' evangel of this day—
 That none who turn to Thee
 Are ever cast away.

67

THE LAW OF LOVE.

(II. Kings iv.)

Pour forth the oil—pour boldly forth ;
 It will not fail until
 Thou failest vessels to provide
 Which it may largely fill.

Make channels for the streams of love
 Where they may broadly run ;
 And love has overflowing streams,
 To fill them every one.

But if at any time we cease
 Such channels to provide,
 The very founts of love for us
 Will soon be parched and dried.

For we must share, if we would keep
 That blessing from above ;
 Ceasing to give, we cease to have,—
 Such is the law of love.

68

THY NEIGHBOR.

“ Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.”

(Lev. xix : 18.)

Who is thy neighbor ? he whom thou
 Hast power to aid or bless ;
 Whose aching heart or burning brow
 Thy soothing hand may press.

Thy neighbor ? 't is the fainting poor,
 Whose eye with want is dim ;
 O enter thou his humble door
 With aid and peace for him.

Thy neighbor ? he who drinks the cup
 When sorrow drowns the brim ;
 With words of high sustaining hope
 Go thou and comfort him.

Thy neighbor ? 't is the weary slave,
 Fettered in mind and limb ;
 He hath no hope this side the grave,
 Go thou and ransom him.

Thy neighbor ? pass no mourner by ;
 Perhaps thou can'st redeem
 A breaking heart from misery,
 Go, share his lot with him.

69

CALL TO WORK.

Abide not in the realm of dreams,
 O man, however fair it seems ;
 But with clear eye the present scan
 And hear the call of God and man.

Think not in sleep to fold thy hands
 Forgetful of thy Lord's command ;
 From duty's claim no life is free,—
 Behold, to-day hath need of thee !

Then while day lingers do thy best,
 Full soon the night will bring its rest ;
 And, duty done, that rest shall be
 Full of beatitudes to thee.

70

MORAL FREEDOM.

Supreme and Universal Light !—
 Fountain of reason ! Hope of right !
 Parent of good ! whose blessings flow
 On all above, and all below.

Assist us, Lord, to act, to be,
 What nature and Thy laws decree ;
 Worthy that intellectual flame
 Which from Thy breathing spirit came

Our moral freedom to maintain,
 Bid passion serve, and reason reign,
 Self-poised and independent still
 Of this world's varying good or ill.

May our expanded souls disclaim
 The narrow view, the selfish aim ;
 But with a generous zeal embrace
 Whate'er is friendly to our race.

71

THE VOICE OF CONSCIENCE.

Give forth thine earnest cry,
 O conscience, voice of God !
 To young and old, to low and high,
 Proclaim His will abroad.

Within the human breast
 Thy strong monitions plead
 Still thunder Thy divine protest
 Against th' unrighteous deed.

Show the true way of peace
 O Thou, our guiding light !
 From bondage of the wrong release
 To service of the right.

72

THE INWARD HEAVEN.

As earth's pageant passes by,
 Let reflection turn thine eye
 Inward, and observe thy breast,—
 There alone dwells solid rest.

That 's a close immured tower,
 Which can mock all hostile power ;
 To thyself a tenant be
 And inhabit safe and free.

Say not that this house is small,
 Girt up in a narrow wall ;
 In a cleanly, sober mind
 Heaven itself full room doth find.

73

SPEAK GENTLY.

Speak gently of the erring one
 And let us not forget,
 However darkly stained by sin,
 He is our brother yet.
 Heir of the same inheritance,
 Child of the self-same God ;
 He has but stumbled in the path
 We have in weakness trod.

Speak gently to the erring one,
 Thou yet may'st lead him back
 With holy words, and tones of love
 From misery's thorny track.
 Forget not, thou hast often sinned,
 And sinful yet must be :
 Deal gently with the erring one,
 As God has dealt with thee.

74 THE DAY OF SMALL THINGS.

Scorn not the slightest word or deed,
 Nor deem it void of power ;
 There 's fruit in each wind-wafted seed
 That waits its natal hour.

A whispered word may touch the heart
 And call it back to life ;
 A look of love bid sin depart
 And still unholy strife.

No act falls fruitless, none can tell
 How vast its power may be ;
 Nor what result infolded dwell
 Within it silently.

Work on, despair not, bring thy mite,
 Nor care how small it be ;
 God is with all that serve the right,
 The holy, true, and free.

75

JUDGE NOT.

All-seeing God ! 't is thine to know
 The springs whence wrong opinions flow ;
 To judge from principles within
 When frailty errs and when we sin.

Who among men, great Lord of all !
 Thy servant to his bar shall call ?
 Judge him, for modes of faith, Thy foe,
 And doom him to the realms of woe.

Who, with another's eye, can read,
 Or worship by another's creed ?
 Trusting Thy grace, we form our own
 And bow to Thy commands alone.

If wrong, correct ; accept, if right ;
 While faithful, we improve our light ;
 Condemning none, but zealous still
 To learn and follow all Thy will.

76

UNIVERSAL LOVE.

O Father ! when the softened heart
 Is lifted up in prayer to Thee,
 When earthly thoughts awhile depart
 And leave the mounting spirit free :—

Then teach us that our love, like thine,
 O'er all the realms of earth should flow,
 A shoreless stream, a flood divine,
 No lines of race or hue should know.

Not bound by party, caste, or creed,
 All narrow realms of self above ;
 For who so of our love hath need,
 To him we owe the dues of love.

Into the circle lift us up
 Of Thy divine beneficence ;
 And, freely as Thou fill'st our cup,
 Freely may we to all dispense.

77

CHARITY.

Come, let us sound her praise abroad,
 Sweet Charity,—the child of God,
 Hers, on whose kind maternal breast
 The sheltered babes of misery rest.

Who when she sees the sufferer bleed
 Reckless of name, or sect, or creed,
 Comes with prompt hand and look benign
 To bathe his wounds in oil and wine.

Who in her robe the sinner hides
 And soothes and pities, while she chides,
 Who bends an ear to every cry,
 And asks no plea but misery.

Her tender mercies freely fall
 Like heaven's refreshing dews on all ;
 Encircling in their wide embrace
 Her friends, her foes—the human race.

78 THE PRESERVATION OF ISRAEL.

(Psalm cxxiv.)

Had not the Lord, may Israel say,
 On Israel's side engaged,
 The foe had quickly swallowed us—
 So furiously he raged.

Had not the Lord Himself vouchsafed
 To check his fierce control,
 The adversary's dreary flood
 Had overwhelmed our soul.

But praised be our eternal Lord,
 Who left us not his prey ;
 The snare is broke, his rage disarmed,
 And we again are free.

Secure in God's almighty name
 Our confidence remains ;
 The God who made both heaven and earth,
 Of both sole monarch reigns.

79

ISRAEL'S CALLING.

Let Israel trust in God alone
 And in His power confide,
 For He is faithful to His word
 If we in Him abide :
 His councils must forever stand ;
 All nations bow to His command.

Let Israel strive for truth alone
 In love to bless mankind,
 And in the bonds of brotherhood
 All nations soon to bind,
 So that they all, with one accord,
 Acknowledge and obey the Lord.

80

THE LAW OF GOD.

(Psalm cxix.)

I.

How blessed are they whose lives are pure
 And upright in the way ;
 Who in the Lord's most holy law
 Do walk and do not stray.

O blest are they who to observe
 His statutes are inclined,
 And who do seek the living God
 With their whole heart and mind.

O that Thy statutes to observe
 Thou wouldest my way direct ;
 Then shall I not be stained, when I
 Thy precepts all respect.

Upon Thy statutes my delight
 Shall constantly be set,
 And by Thy grace I never will
 Thy holy law forget.

(Psalm cxix.)

Unveil my eyes, that of Thy law
 The wonders I may see ;
 I am a stranger on this earth—
 Hide not Thy laws from me.

Against me princes spoke with spite
 While they in council sat ;
 But I, Thy servant, did upon
 Thy statutes meditate.

Of the perfect way of truth
 My choice have freely made,
 Thy judgments, that most righteous are,
 Before me I have laid.

In loving-kindness let my prayer
 And cry be heard by Thee ;
 According to Thy promise, Lord,
 Revive and quicken me.

Great peace have they who love Thy law,
 Offence they shall have none ;
 I hope for Thy salvation, Lord,
 When Thy commands I 've done.

82 TRUST IN THE POWER OF GOD.

(Psalm xlvi.)

God is our strength and refuge high ;
 A sure and present help is He,
 When dark and troublous days are nigh ;
 Hence free from fear our hearts shall be.
 Though earthquakes move the world,
 And hills 'midst seas be hurled,
 Though waters of the deep
 In turmoil roar and leap,
 And swelling shake the mountains steep.

The nations rage, the kingdoms shake,
 His voice goes forth, earth melts away.
 The Lord of Hosts our part doth take
 And Jacob's God is shield and stay.
 Come, then, let all draw near
 And view with holy fear
 The works, surpassing thought,
 His mighty arm hath wrought,
 What judgments He on earth has brought.

To her remotest bounds He turns
 Wars into peace ; He breaks the bow ;
 He cuts the spear ; the chariot burns ;
 That I am God, be still and know,
 Among the nations I
 Will be exalted high,
 On earth supreme, the Lord
 Of hosts doth aid afford
 And to His servants peace accord.

83

THE WORD OF GOD.

(Isaiah lv : 10, 11. Jer. xxiii : 29.)

Thy word, O Lord, like gentle dews,
 Falls soft on hearts that pine ;
 Lord, to Thy garden ne'er refuse
 This heavenly balm of Thine.

Watered from Thee,
 Let every tree
 Bud forth and blossom to Thy praise,
 And bear much fruit in after days.

Thy word is like a flaming sword,
 A wedge that cleaveth stone ;
 Keen as a fire, so burns Thy word
 And pierceth flesh and bone.
 O send it forth
 O'er all the earth,
 To shatter all the night of sin,
 The darken'd heart to cleanse and win.

Thy word a wondrous guiding star
 On pilgrim hearts doth rise,
 Leads to their Lord who dwell afar
 And makes the simple wise.
 Let not its light
 E'er sink in night,
 But still in every spirit shine,
 That none may miss Thy light divine.

84 AFTER READING THE SCRIPTURES.

Praise, praise, to God on High,
 To Thee, all gracious One !
 For all the teaching of Thy will—
 Thy word through ages gone.

With all Thy prophets true
 We hold communion there ;
 The spirit of the just made pure
 By sorrow and by prayer.

Those mighty men of old,
 Whose words were vital breath ;
 Bestowing faithfulness in life
 And fearlessness in death.

Our fathers trusted too,
 In Thee, and lost their fears ;
 For Thou didst help them in their joys,
 And bless them in their tears.

And now we bend and pray ;
 Be Thou our Father still,
 O, give us strength to do Thy work,
 And faith to bear Thy will.

Lord, who dost the voices bless
 Crying in the wilderness,
 And the lovely gifts increase
 Of the messengers of peace—
 Thou, whose temple is with men,
 Show us Thy true priest again.

In the holy place may he
 Thy immediate presence see ;
 Or through deserts, Father, led,
 Give Thy people heavenly bread ;
 While his lips, at Thy control,
 Warn, instruct, inspire, console.

86 THE DEATH OF MOSES.

Weep, weep for him, the man of God !
 In yonder vale he sank to rest,
 But none on earth can point the sod
 That flowers above his sacred breast.

His doctrine fell like heaven's rain,
 His words refreshed like heaven's dew—
 O ne'er shall Israel see again
 A chief to God and her so true.

Remember ye his parting gaze,
 His farewell song by Jordan's tide !
 When full of glory and of days
 He saw the promised land—and died.

Yet died he not as men who sink
 Before our eyes to soulless clay :
 But changed to spirit like a wink—
 Of summer lightning pass'd away.

87

THE HOUSE OF GOD.

I.

(Psalm cxxii.)

I rejoiced when they said, let us go to God's house
 And within its loved gates once again set our
 feet.

O Jerusalem, built as a city compact,
 Where the tribes of the Lord did in olden times
 meet,
 To give thanks to His name, ever blest, on each
 feast,
 When Salem stood proudly, the Queen of the
 East.

Though Salem no more in her grandeur exists,
 We revere her old walls, we pray for her peace ;
 Let her lessons go forth, as the word of the Lord,
 That friendship and brotherhood here may in-
 crease.

That the house of the Lord may unite us in love
 And gain us the peace of the temple above.

88

II.

(Psalm cxxvi.)

'T was like a dream, when by the Lord
 From bondage Zion was restored :
 Our mouths were filled with mirth, our tongues
 Were ever singing joyful songs.

The nations owned that God had wrought
Great works, which joy to us have brought.
As southern streams when filled with rain,
He turned our captive state again.

Who sow in tears, with joy shall reap ;
Though bearing precious seed they weep
While going forth, yet shall they sing
When, coming back, their sheaves they bring.

89

SABBATH REST.

The week is over and to-day
Once more we meet to praise and pray ;
Once more a peace, a holy calm,
Falls on our troubled hearts like balm.

For in the week, sure few could say,
No shadow fell across their way ;
And to some lives, how doubly blest
The quiet of this day of rest.

In this day's calm my soul shall seek
A staff to lean on through the week,
And may each Sabbath prove the best
Till the eternal day of rest.

90

THE SABBATH DAY.

With joy, O Lord, we hail this day,
 Which Thou didst call Thine own ;
 With joy the summons we obey
 To worship at Thy throne.

O grant us peace in heart and home,
 And every soul unite
 To thank Thee for the day that 's blest
 And keep it with delight.

And Thou, O God ! when life is o'er,
 Thy mercy may be given,
 That we may find most blissful rest
 Eternally in heaven.

91

THE DAY OF REST.

Come, O Sabbath day, and bring
 Peace and healing on thy wing,
 And to every troubled breast
 Speak of the divine behest :
 Thou shalt rest !

Earthly longings bid retire,
 Quench our passions' hurtful fire ;
 To the wayward, sin-oppressed,
 Bring thou the divine behest :
 Thou shalt rest !

Wipe from every cheek the tear,
 Banish care, and silence fear ;
 All things working for the best,
 Teaches the divine behest :
 Thou shalt rest !

92

THE SABBATH.

Holy Sabbath-rest !
 Pious lips hail thy advent,
 Thee in love our God has sent,
 Mind and heart of man to guard,
 And to lead him heavenward.

Holy Sabbath joy !
 Oh ! our yearning souls inspire ;
 Warm us with thy heavenly fire,
 That in sacred hymns of praise
 We to God our hearts upraise.

Father Everlasting !
 From Thy holy throne of grace
 To Thy children turn Thy face ;
 Bless this day, that it may be
 Emblem of eternity.

93

PASSOVER.

To Thee, above all creatures' gaze,
 To Thee, whom earth and heaven praise,
 Whose ever-watchful providence
 Proves daily Thine omnipotence—
 To Thee our thanks in chorus rise.

Thou didst redeem the captive band,
 Who were enslaved by tyrant's hand ;
 Their cries were heard, their groans were stilled,
 Their yearning hopes at last fulfilled,
 And freedom dawned on Israel.

O God, Thy children recognize
 With grateful hearts this precious prize ;
 Thy people at this holy shrine
 Proclaim aloud Thy power divine :
 “THE LORD WILL REIGN FOR EVERMORE !”

94 THROUROUGH NIGHT TO LIGHT.

(Passover.)

This day behold !
 God's justice triumphs and we see His glory ;
 Now, as of old,
 With joy, ye people, sing the wondrous story.

Though full of fears
Thou art with anguish, thy sad lot bewailing—
Now dry thy tears,
And see bright dawn o'er darkest night prevailing.

If cloudless skies
With life and gladness fill thy grateful being—
Such light does rise
From Him whose power works far beyond thy
seeing.

Look backward, till
Thou seest God's hand reached out protecting
o'er us,
And trust Him still,
Though wrathful foes in thousands range before us.

It is thy part
With silent lips to taste thy bitter portion,
And in thy heart,
Rebel no more with wild and vain commotion.

One long, long night
Our people suffered scorn and wrath and sorrow,
But morning light
Led them God's way to meet a glorious morrow.

95 THE HOPE OF NATIONS.

The sullen ice has crept from many fields ;
 The conflict, though so turbulent, is past ;
 Again the spring its wealth of verdure yields,
 The probing sun has conquered cold at last.

It is the Paschal of reviving earth,
 The longed-for resurrection of its charms ;
 Each bud, prophetic type of freedom's birth,
 A conquest each o'er winter's dread alarms.

And all the sunny joys, till now concealed,
 Are emblems bright of freedom's blessed morn,
 When Israel's rescue first that truth revealed :
 "To free and equal rights all men are born !"

Then let our festival to all proclaim
 Who yearn for liberty's enkindling sun,
 And let the nations join the glad acclaim,
 "Our God is One—Humanity is one !"

96 THE PRAISE OF THE FREE.

O holy Father, just and true
 Are all Thy works and words and ways ;
 And unto Thee alone are due
 Thanksgiving and eternal praise !

As children of Thy precious care,
 We veil the eye, we bend the knee,
 With broken words of praise and prayer,
 Father and God, we come to Thee.

For Thou hast heard, O God of right,
 The sighing of the helpless slave,
 And stretched for him Thine arm of right,
 Not shortened that it could not save.
 The laborer sits beneath his vine,
 The shackled soul and hand are free ;
 Thanksgiving !—for the work is Thine,
 Praise !—for the blessing is of Thee.

Speed on Thy work, Lord God of Hosts !
 And when the bondsman's chain is riven
 And swells from all our country's coasts
 The anthem of the free to heaven,
 O not to those whom Thou hast led
 As with Thy cloud and fire before,
 But unto Thee, in fear and dread,
 Be praise and glory evermore.

Oppressions shall not always reign ;
 There comes a brighter day,
 When freedom, burst from every chain,
 Shall have triumphant sway.

Then right shall over might prevail,
And truth's full armed array
The hosts of tyrant wrong assail,
And hold eternal sway.

What voice shall bid the progress stay
Of truth's victorious car ?
What arm arrest the growing day,
Or quench the solar star ?

What arm shall dare, tho' stout and strong,
Restore the ancient wrong ?
Oppression's guilty might prolong
And freedom's morning bar ?

The hour of triumph comes apace,
The fated, promised hour,
When earth upon a ransom'd race
Her bounteous gifts shall shower.

Men ! whose boast it is, that ye
Come of fathers, brave and free,
If there breathe on earth a slave,
Are ye truly free and brave ?
If ye do not feel the chain
When it works a brother's pain,
Are ye not base slaves, indeed,
Slaves unworthy to be freed ?

Is true freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake,
And with heathen hearts forget
That we owe mankind a debt ?
No ! true freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And with heart and hand to be
Earnest to make others free !

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the meek ;
They are slaves, who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think ;
They are slaves, who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

99

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast ;
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed ;
And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came ;
Not with the roll of stirring drums,
And the trump that sings of fame ;
Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear ;
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard and the sea ;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.
The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white waves' foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared :
This was their welcome home !

What sought they thus afar ?
Bright jewels of the mine ?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war ?—
They sought a faith's pure shrine !
Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod ;
They have left unstained what there they found :
Freedom to worship God.

100 INDEPENDENCE DAY.

(Fourth of July.)

Now bend we low and ask our fathers' God
 To smile on all o'er which our banner waves :
 The busy mart, the deck, the private sod,
 Old Plymouth roofs, new San Francisco graves.

Commending unto 'Him, the only good,
 This country as one undivided fold,
 Our patriot hearts o'er all its borders brood
 From eastern pines to western strand of gold.

And thus to Heaven our pleading accents call :
 May wrong and strife among us disappear ;
 And when their sacred rights are given to all,
 May truth and love lead in a golden year.

101 OUR COUNTRY.

O beautiful, my country !
 Be thine a nobler care
 Than all thy wealth of commerce,
 Thy harvest waving fair ;
 Be it thy pride to lift up
 The manhood of the poor ;
 Be thou to the oppressed
 Fair freedom's open door !

For thee our fathers suffered,
 For thee they toiled and prayed ;
 Upon thy holy altar
 Their willing lives they laid.
 Thou hast no common birthright ;
 Grand memories on thee shine ;
 The blood of pilgrim nations
 Commingled flows in thine.

O beautiful, our country !
 Round thee in love we draw ;
 Thine is the grace of freedom,
 The majesty of law.
 Be righteousness thy sceptre,
 Justice thy diadem ;
 And on thy shining forehead
 Be peace the crowning gem.

102

SPRING SONGS.

I.

Now, the dreary winter 's over,
 Fled with him are grief and pain ;
 When the trees their bloom recover,
 Then the soul is born again.

And a balsam breath is flowing
 Through the leafy shadows green ;
 On the left the cassid 's growing,
 On the right the aloe 's seen.

Cares that hovered round my brow
Vanish while the garden now
Girds itself with myrtle hedges.

Bright-hued edges
Round it lie—
Suddenly
All my sorrows die.

Lo, the clear cup crystalline
Foams with nature's purest wine,
Sparkling rich with froth and bubble ;
Oh, the wondrous healing art—
We forget the want and trouble
Buried deep within our heart.

II.

Now in the east the shining light behold !
The sun has oped a lustrous path of gold.
Within my narrow garden's greenery
Shot forth a branch, sprung from a splendid tree.
Then in mine ear the joyous words did ring :
“ From Jesse's root a verdant branch shall spring.”
My friend has cast his eye upon my grief,
According to his mercy sends relief.
Hark ! the redemption's hour resounding stroke,
For him who bore with patient heart the yoke.

III.

Behold where glass-clear brooks now singing flow,
 And where the splendors of the myrtle blow ;
 The garden tree has doffed her widow's veil
 And shines in festal garb, in verdure pale ;
 The turtle dove is cooing, hark !
 Is that the warble of the lark ?

Unto their perches they return again,
 O, brothers, carol forth your joyous strain !
 Pour out full-throated ecstasy of mirth,
 Proclaiming our Lord's glory to the earth,
 One with a low sweet song,
 One echoing loud and long.

Who loves God's work rejoices for His sake,
 And those are glad who sleep and those who wake ;
 When cool breathed evening visiteth the world
 In flower and leaf the beaded dew is pearled.
 Reviving all that droops at length
 And to the languid giving strength.

103 CONFIRMATION OF CHILDREN.

I.

Happy who in early youth,
 While yet pure and innocent,
 Stores his mind with heav'nly truth—
 Life's unfading ornament.

Happy who in tender years
 Leans on God for his support ;
 Who life's bark in virtue steers,
 That it reach salvation's port.

Guide, O guide this hopeful band,
 Father, in Thy truth and light !
 May these children ever stand
 Firm in goodness and in right.

Thine, O God, these souls are Thine,
 Undefiled they came from Thee ;
 Guide them in Thy love divine,
 Heirs of immortality !

104

II.

(Psalm viii.)

Lord ! from pole to pole rebounding
 Tidings of Thy name are sounding ;
 Splendors bright
 Praise Thy might,
 High in heaven's tent unfurled.
 Spheres along
 Sounds the song,
 Praising Thee from world to world,

More than songs of spheres, yea even
More than praises sung in heaven,
 Thee as sole
 God extol
Children, pure and guileless now ;
 Thee they all
 Father call,
And to serve Thee ever vow.

Hearken then this day with pleasure
To our children's lisping measure,
 As like birds
 Heavenwards
Soar their hearts from earth's chains free ;
 And each breast,
 Glad and blest,
Offers joyful prayers to Thee.

And thus, to Thy heights ascending,
Let our humble pleas be wending ;
 Hear, O hear !
 As we near,
To our prayers fulfilment grant ;
 We would fain
 Blessings gain
For faith's holy covenant.

105 THE DAILY SACRIFICE.

O Israel's God, I bring Thee now my will,
 That would be Thine whate'er it cost ;
 Love Thy good gifts, yet love Thee most ;
 This is my prayer while yet the morn is still,
 Take Thou my will,

The soul and body, Thou dost hold in life,
 Be ever ready in thy fear
 To fight for truth and justice here,
 And trusting Thee to meet the final strife,
 For thou art life.

Bless all my works and ways, my light increase,
 Order my doings for the best,
 In all my toil be Thou my rest,
 Until at last I lay me down in peace
 That ne'er shall cease.

106 ROSH-HASHANAH (NEW YEAR).

I.

(Resolve.)

Into the tomb of ages past
 Another year hath now been cast ;
 Shall time unheeded take its flight,
 Nor leave one ray of higher light,
 That on man's pilgrimage may shine
 And lead his soul to spheres divine ?

Ah ! which of us, if self-reviewed,
 Can boast unfailing rectitude ?
 Who can declare his wayward will
 More prone to righteous deeds than ill ?
 Or, in his retrospect of life,
 No traces find of passion's strife ?

With firm resolve your bosoms nerve,
 The God of right alone to serve ;
 Speech, thought, and act to regulate,
 By what His perfect laws dictate ;
 Nor from His holy precepts stray
 By worldly idols lured away.

Peace to the house of Israel !
 May joy within it ever dwell !
 May sorrow on the opening year,
 Forgetting its accustomed tear,
 With smiles again fond kindred meet,
 With hopes revived the festal greet !

The Two Voices.

Between the past and future year
 We pause awhile in our career,
 Two voices to attend.
 One speaks of life and light and bloom,
 One warns us of the unseen tomb
 To which all must descend.

Experience and hope thus stand
 Addressing all the human band,
 As on they swiftly speed.
 Young pilgrims but the promise hear,
 That time in every coming year
 Will but to pleasure lead.

Few even of matured age
 Can that grave wisdom long engage
 Which for reflection calls ;
 Still blind and rash, they forward pass,
 The last few minutes of their glass
 Wasting in mirth's gay halls.

O listen to the warning tone
 In sorrow sent from mem'ry's throne,
 Ye children of the dust !
 No falsehood rests upon the tongue
 That counsels both, the old and young,
 In God alone to trust.

Put off each ling'ring weakness now !
 Faith will your minds with strength endow
 Self-conquest to achieve ;—
 Will give you fortitude to bear
 The chastenings, frequent and severe,
 You may on earth receive.

108

III.

(Our Refuge.)

(Psalm xc.)

Lord ! Thou hast been Thy people's rest
 Through all their generations,
 Their refuge when by danger prest,
 Their hope in tribulations ;
 Thou, ere the mountains sprang to birth,
 Or ever Thou had'st form'd the earth,
 Art God from everlasting !

The sons of men return to clay,
 When Thou the word hast spoken,
 As with a torrent borne away,
 Gone, like a dream when broken ;
 A thousand years are, in Thy sight,
 But as a watch amid the night,
 Or yesterday departed.

Our life is like the transient breath
 That tells a mournful story ;
 Early or late, stopped short by death,
 And where is all our glory ?
 Our days are threescore years and ten,
 And, if the span be lengthen'd then,
 Their strength is toil and sorrow.

Lo, Thou hast set before Thine eyes
 Our misdeeds and our errors ;
 Our secret sins from darkness rise,
 With their awakening terrors ;
 Who can abide the trying hour ?
 Or who escape Thine arm of power ?
 We flee unto Thy mercy.

Lord ! teach us so to mark our days,
 That we may prize them duly ;
 So guide our feet in wisdom's ways,
 That we may love Thee truly ;
 Return, O Lord ! our griefs behold,
 And with Thy goodness, as of old,
 O satisfy us early.

109

THE RESOLVE.

Hath my heart been wavering long ?
 Have I dallied oft with wrong ?
 Now, at last, I firmly say :
 All my will to Thee I give,
 Only to my God to live,
 And to serve Him night and day.

Lord, I offer at Thy feet
 All I have most dear and sweet,
 Lo ! I keep no secret hoard.
 Try my heart, and lurks there aught
 False within its inmost thought,
 Take it hence this moment, Lord !

I will shun no toil nor woe ;
 Where Thou leadest I will go ;
 Be my pathway plain or rough.
 If but every hour may be
 Spent in work that pleases Thee,
 Ah ! dear Lord, it is enough !

Thee I make my choice alone ;
 Make forever, Lord, Thine own,
 All my pow'rs of soul and mind.
 I have chosen now Thy way,
 Let the covenant stand for aye
 That my hand to-day hath signed.

110 FOR YOM KIPPOOR (DAY OF ATONEMENT).

I.

To Thee we give ourselves to-day ;
 Forgetful of the world outside,
 We tarry in Thy house, O God !
 From eventide to eventide.

From Thy all-searching, righteous eye
 Our deepest heart can nothing hide ;
 It crieth up to Thee for peace
 From eventide to eventide.

Who could endure shouldst Thou, O God,
 As we deserve, forever chide !
 We, therefore, seek Thy pard'ning grace
 From eventide to eventide.

O may we lay to heart how swift
 The years of life do onward glide ;
 So learn to live that we may see
 Thy light at our life's eventide.

III

II.

(The Way to Peace.)

Thy faithful servant, Lord, doth yearn
 For Thy consoling grace ;
 Spread over Him its healing wing,
 His guilt do Thou efface.

Were not Thy word : Turn back from sin
 And I will turn to Thee,
 I, like a helmsman in the storm,
 Would, helpless, face the sea.

To Thy despondent servant show
 The path of penitents :
 He striveth painfully for words
 To tell how he repents.

O God ! I tremble when I mark
 How day on day is lost,
 And yet my heart, by passions ruled,
 Still to and fro is tossed.

O let my penitence to-day
 Be my soul's surety ;
 Contrite I vow to serve Thee well ;
 Be merciful to me !

112

FORGIVE US.

“ He who confesses and forsaketh evil shall find mercy.”—
 Prov. xxviii : 13.

God of mercy, God of love,
 Hear our sad, repentant songs ;
 Listen to Thy suppliant ones,
 Thou, to whom all grace belongs.

Deep our shame for follies past,
 Talents wasted, time misspent,
 Hearts absorbed by worldly cares,
 Thankless for the blessings lent ;

Foolish fears and proud desires,
 Vain regrets for things as vain,
 Lips too seldom taught to praise,
 Oft to murmur and complain ;

These and every secret fault,
 Filled with grief and shame, we own ;
 Humbled at Thy feet we bow,
 Seeking strength from Thee alone.

God of mercy, God of love,
 Hear our sad, repentant songs ;
 Oh ! restore thy suppliant ones,
 Thou to whom all grace belongs.

113 THE MEMORIAL OF THE DEAD.

I.

O what is man, Omnipotent !
 That Thou rememberest him ?
 What is the mortal son of dust,
 That thou observest him ?
 For sure he is as naught,
 A shadow fleeting is his time ;
 At noon he shines, a verdant plant,
 The evening finds him withered, pale.
 Thus all men to their graves Thou leadest,
 And call'st on them : O turn ye sons of men !
 O that they learned of wisdom,
 Wisely of their end to think ;
 Riches go not with you hence,
 Earthly honors stay behind.
 Practise virtue, walk upright,
 For glorious is the meed of pious men ;
 And God redeemeth His servants' soul,
 Condemneth not, who in Him trusts.

114 SOUL, WHY ART THOU TROUBLED SO ?

II.

Soul, why art thou troubled so ?
 Why art thou so sore afraid ?
 Feel'st thou not the Father nigh,
 Him whose heart contains us all ?
 Lives no God for thee on high,
 Loving while His judgments fall ?

Look above !
 God is love ;
 Soul, why art thou troubled so ?
 Heart and eye,
 Lift on high,
 Every tear on earth that flows,
 God, the world's great ruler knows.

Soul, why art thou troubled so ?
 Why art thou so sore afraid ?
 Art thou then of all forsaken,
 Standest thou on earth alone ?
 All thou loved'st from thee taken,
 Nothing thou canst call thine own ?
 God 's with thee
 Eternally ;
 Soul, my soul, shake off thy dread ;

Firmly trust
God, the just ;
Never shall His word betray,
Never shall His love decay.

Soul, why art thou troubled so ?
Why art thou so sore afraid ?
From thy heart has fatal death
Torn the loved ones thou wouldest save !
Sawest thou them, with anguished breath,
Sink into the gloomy grave ?
Death's last blow,
Endeth woe ;
Soul, have comfort in the Lord !
Tears take flight,
For in light
Walk the host that God adore,
Blessed, blessed evermore.

115

IN PEACE WITH ALL.

In peace with all the world we live,
Nor let our angry passion burn,
But when we suffer we 'll forgive,
And good for evil we 'll return.

And we 'll forgive and we 'll forget,
And conquer every sullen word,
Unkindness shall with love be met,
And evil overcome with good.

It is not pride, it is not strife,
No bitter thoughts, nor angry deeds,
Which gild with joy the days of life ;
Resentment still to sorrow leads.

When love shall triumph, love alone
Within our hearts shall ever reign ;
Our foes subdued, its power shall own,
And once loved friends be friends again.

116**HARVEST.**

Lord of harvest ! Thee we hail ;
Thine ancient promise doth not fail ;
The varying seasons haste their round,
With goodness all their years are crowned ;
Our thanks we pay
This holy day ;
O let our hearts in tune be found !

When spring doth wake the song of mirth,
When summer warms the fruitful earth,
When winter sweeps the naked plain,
Still do we sing
To Thee, our King,
Through all their changes Thou dost reign.

But chiefly when Thy liberal hand
Scatters new plenty o'er the land,
When sounds of music fill the air
As homewards all their treasures bear,
We too, will raise
Our hymn of praise,
For we Thy common bounties share.

117

THANKSGIVING HYMN.

We thank Thee, Lord,
For all the garnered riches we have stored,
The ripened fruits that generous autumn yields
From sunny fields.

In many hues,
Sustained upon earth's bosom, fed by dews,
And ripened in the sunlight, waves the grain
O'er hill and plain.

And patient toil,
Which sowed the seed upon the fertile soil,
And watched and tended through the summer days,
Thy name doth praise.

Thy gifts sustain
The body's needs, but poverty and pain
Oft minister to higher wants than those,
The spirit knows.

Then come what will,
 Prosperity or failure, good or ill,
 Unknown or understood, still be adored
 Thy ways, O Lord !

118

CHANUKAH.

(Days of the Maccabees.)

I.

Great arbiter of human fate
 Whose glory ne'er decays,
 To Thee alone we dedicate
 The song and soul of praise.
 Thy presence Judah's host inspired
 On danger's post to rush ;
 By Thee the Maccabee was fired
 The despot foes to crush.

Amid the ruins of their land,
 In Salem's sad decline,
 Stood forth a brave but scanty band,
 To battle for their shrine.
 In bitterness of soul they wept
 Without the temple walls ;
 For weeds around its courts had crept
 And foes camped in its halls.

Not long to vain regrets they yield ;
 But for their cherished fame,
 Nerved by true faith, they take the field,
 And victory obtain.
 But whose the power, whose the hand,
 Which thus to triumph led
 That slender but heroic band,
 From which blasphemers fled ?

'T was Thine, O everlasting King
 And universal Lord !
 Whose wonder still Thy servants sing,
 And ever shall record.
 And thus shall Mercy's hand delight
 To cleanse the blemished heart,
 Rekindle heaven's waning light,
 And truth and peace impart.

119

II.

O Lord, Thy children here to-day
 With grateful hearts before Thee pray ;
 With joy we bend before Thy throne,
 To whom our inmost thoughts are known.

With wondrous might, from tyrant's hand
 Thou didst relieve the gallant band,
 The valiant few, who cleansed Thy shrine,
 And caused once more its lights to shine !

We dedicate our lives to Thee !
 O may our hearts Thy temples be !
 O light within us, from above,
 The precious flames of Truth and Love !

120

III.

Let children hear the mighty deeds
 Which God performed of old,
 Which in our younger years we saw,
 And which our fathers told.

He bids us make His glories known,
 His work of power and grace ;
 And we 'll convey His wonders down
 Through every rising race.

Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
 And they again to theirs,
 That generations yet unborn
 May teach them to their heirs.

Thus shall they learn, in God alone
 Their hope securely stands ;
 That they may ne'er forget His works,
 And practise His commands.

121 DEDICATION OF THE HOUSE OF GOD.

“ Have we not all One Father ? Has not One God created us all ? ”—Malachi ii : 10.

Undivided unity !
 Thankfully and reverently,
 Father, God ! we raised to Thee
 This memorial shrine !

Smile upon Thy servants now,
 Hear their prayer, accept their vow ;
 Source of light and love, do Thou
 On our worship smile.

Here may truth her wings extend ;
 Here may zeal and knowledge blend ;
 Here may friend encourage friend
 In the onward road ;

While through gladness and through gloom,
 Thorns that wound, and flowers that bloom,
 Cradle, pilgrimage, and tomb,
 Lead us all to God !

122 IN THE HOUSE OF GOD.

Here holy thoughts a light have shed,
 From many a radiant face,
 And prayers of tender hope have spread
 A perfume through the place.

And anxious hearts have pondered here
 The mystery of life,
 And prayed the eternal God to clear
 Their doubts, and aid their strife.

And faith and peace and mighty love
 That from the Godhead flow,
 Showed them the life of heaven above
 Springs from the life below.

123 THE MANNA OF TO-DAY.

Day by day the manna fell.
 O to learn this lesson well !
 Still by constant mercy fed,
 Give me, Lord, my daily bread.

“ Day by day ” the promise reads ;
 Daily strength for daily needs ;
 Cast foreboding fears away,
 Take the manna of to-day.

Lord ! my times are in Thy hand ;
 All my sanguine hopes have planned
 To Thy wisdom I resign,
 And would make Thy purpose mine.

Thou my daily task shalt give ;
 Day by day to Thee I live ;
 So shall added years fulfil,
 Not my own, my Father’s will.

124

MORNING.

Since Thou hast added now, O God ?
Unto my life another day,
And giv'st me leave to walk abroad
And labor in my lawful way,
My walks and works with me begin,
Conduct me forth and bring me in.

Bad courses let my feet forbear ;
Keep Thou my hands from doing wrong ;
Let not ill counsels pierce mine ear,
Nor wicked words defile my tongue ;
And keep the windows of each eye
That no strange lusts climb in thereby.

But guard Thou safe my heart in chief,
That neither hate, revenge, nor fear,
Nor vain desire, vain joy or grief,
Obtain command or dwelling there ;
And, Lord, with every saving grace,
Still true to Thee, maintain that place.

So, till the evening of this morn,
My time shall then so well be spent,
That when the twilight shall return
I may enjoy it with content ;
And to Thy praise and honor say,
That this has proved a happy day.

125

TO-DAY.

So here hath been dawning
 Another blue day :
 Think ! wilt thou let it
 Slip useless away ?

Out of eternity
 This new day is born ;
 Into eternity
 At night will return.

Behold it aforetime
 No eye ever did ;
 So soon it forever
 From all eyes is hid.

Here hath been dawning
 Another blue day :
 Think ! wilt thou let it
 Slip useless away ?

126

MORNING THOUGHT.

Sweet morn ! from countless cups of gold
 Thou liftest reverently on high
 More incense fine than earth can hold,
 To fill the sky.

In man, O morn, a loftier good,
With conscious blessing fills the soul—
A life by reason understood,
Which metes the whole.

From earth and earthly toil and strife
To deathless aims his soul may rise ;
Each dawn may wake to better life,
With surer eyes.

Such grace from Thee, O God, be ours,
Renewed with every morning's ray,
And freshening still with added flowers
Each future day.

127

THE ONE PRAYER.

Come, my soul, thou must be waking !
Now is breaking
O'er the earth another day.
Come to Him who made this splendor ;
See, thou render,
All thy feeble strength can pay.

Gladly hail the sun returning ;
Ready burning
Be the incense of thy powers :
For the night is safely ended—
God hath tended
With His care thy helpless hours.

Pray that He may prosper ever
 Each endeavor,
 When thine aim is good and true ;
 But that He may ever thwart thee
 And convert thee,
 When thou evil wouldest pursue.

128

AWAKE, MY SOUL.

Awake, my soul ! awake, my tongue.
 My God accepts the grateful song ;
 Let all my inward powers record
 The truth and goodness of the Lord.

His mercy with unchanging rays
 Forever shines, while time decays ;
 And children's children shall record
 The truth and goodness of the Lord.

While all His works His praise proclaim,
 And men and angels bless His name,
 O let my heart, my life, my tongue,
 Attend and join the blissful song.

129

MORNING INVOCATION.

Once more the daylight shines abroad.
 O brethren ! let us praise the Lord,
 Whose grace and mercy thus have kept
 The nightly watch while we have slept.

To Him let us together pray
 With all our hearts and soul to-day,
 That He would keep us in His love
 And all our guilt and sin remove.

Eternal God ! almighty friend,
 Whose deep compassions have no end,
 O send Thy light our way before,
 And be our guardian evermore.

We offer up ourselves to Thee,
 That heart and word and deed may be
 In all things guided by Thy mind,
 And in Thine eyes acceptance find.

130

MORNING PRAISE.

In the morning I will raise
 To my God the voice of praise ;
 With His kind protection blest,
 Sweet and deep has been my rest.

In the morning I will pray
 For His blessing on the day ;
 What this day shall be my lot,
 Light or darkness, know I not.

Should it be with clouds o'ercast,
 Clouds of sorrow gathering fast,
 Thou, who givest light divine,
 Shine within me, Lord, O shine !

Show me, if I tempted be,
Needed strength to find in Thee,
And a perfect triumph win
Over every bosom sin.

Then, when fall the shades of night,
All within shall still be light ;
Thou wilt peace around diffuse,
Gently as the evening dews.

131

THE PARTING DAY.

Maker of all things ! God most high !
Great Ruler of the starry sky !
Who, robing day with beauteous light,
Hast clothed in soft repose the night ;

That sleep may wearied limbs restore,
And fit for toil and use once more ;
May gently soothe the careworn breast,
And lull our anxious griefs to rest ;

We thank Thee for the day that 's gone,
We pray Thee, now the night comes on :
To Thee our rapt affections soar,
And Thee our chastened souls adore.

And while the parting beams of day
In evening's shadow fade away,
Let faith no 'wilderding darkness know,
But night with Thy effulgence glow. ..

O sleepless ever keep the mind !
But guilt in lasting slumber bind !
From every evil passion free,
O may our hearts repose in Thee !

132 EVENING SACRIFICE.

And now, O Lord, my God, or ere
This day in sleep forgotten be,
Its dying breath must rise in prayer,
And bear my latest thoughts to Thee.

And since, perchance, no morrow's light
May greet mine ear with wakening call,
In Thy good care I leave this night
Myself, my life, my heart, mine all !

The loved ones, those I hold so dear,
Be pleased, sweet Lord, to guard and keep ;
To all their hearts this night draw near,
And tend and bless them while they sleep.

On eyes that weep, on hearts that bleed,
May all Thy richest blessings fall ;
I ask Thy help for all who need,
And asking this, I pray for all.

And if to morn in safety brought,
Grant that sweet breathings, pure and true,
May rest on each awakening thought,
As on fresh flowers the early dew.

133

GOOD-NIGHT.

When thou hast spent the lingering day
 In pleasure and delight,
 Or after toil and weary way
 Dost seek thy rest at night,
 Unto thy pain and pleasure past
 Add this one labor yet,
 Ere sleep close up thine eye too fast ;
 Do not thy God forget,

But search within thy secret thought
 What deeds did thee befall,
 And if thou find amiss in aught,
 To God for mercy call.
 But if thou find no thing amiss
 That thou canst call to mind,
 Yet even then remember this :
 There is the more behind.

And think how well soe'er it be,
 That thou has spent the day—
 It came of God and not of thee
 So to direct thy way.
 Thus, if thou try thy daily deeds
 Not shrinking from this pain,
 Thy life shall cleanse the corn from weeds
 And thine shall be the gain.

134

EVENING PRAYER.

“ The Lord is my light, my help, the strength of my life.”
—Psalm xxvii : 1.

As darker, darker fall around
The shadows of the night,
We gather here, with hymn and prayer,
To seek the eternal Light.

Father in heaven, to Thee are known
Our many hopes and fears,
Our heavy weight of mortal toil,
Our bitterness of tears.

We pray Thee for our absent ones,
Who have been with us here ;
And in our secret heart we name
The distant and the dear.

For weary eyes, and aching hearts,
And feet that from Thee rove,
The sick, the poor, the tried, the fallen,
We pray Thee, God of love.

We bring to Thee our hopes and fears,
And at Thy footstool lay ;
And, Father, Thou who lovest all
Wilt hear us as we pray.

135

EVENING HYMN.

Father, now the day is over,
As the sun sinks in the west,
Ere the night creeps slowly round me,
Ere soft slumber be my guest ;
Let me bless Thee, that to-day
Thou, my God, hast been my stay.

For the birds and flowers I thank Thee,
For each song and perfume sweet,
For the faith that dare address Thee,
For the love that may Thee greet ;
Most that I for every gift
May my soul to Thee uplift.

For the love of friends I bless Thee,
Who to-day my joy have shared,
Whose true hearts, spread out before me,
Have Thy love to me declared ;
For each thought of truth and love
They have echoed from above.

For the mystic bond which binds us
Each to each, and all to Thee,
And with all the past entwines us
In the world's long harmony ;
For each striving human soul
Which is part of Thy great whole.

For each gift Thou hast withholden
 From my foolish, grasping hand ;
 For each pang which quick has chidden
 Every breach of Thy command ;
 For the weariness and pain
 Which Thou hast not sent in vain.

Let Thy spirit reign within me,
 Guard me in unconscious sleep ;
 I shall feel that Thou art with me
 While death slumbers o'er me creep ; —
 And the journey's peril past,
 I shall rest with Thee at last.

136

EVENING.

Again as evening shadow falls,
 We gather in these hallowed walls ;
 And vesper hymn and vesper prayer
 Rise mingling on the silent air.

May struggling hearts that seek release
 Here find the rest of God's own peace ;
 And, strengthened here by hymn and prayer,
 Lay down the burden and the care !

O God, our light ! to Thee we bow,
 Within all shadows standest Thou :
 Give deeper calm than night can bring ;
 Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.

Life's tumult we must meet again,
We cannot at Thy shrine remain ;
But in the spirit's secret cell
May hymn and prayer forever dwell.

137 PRAYER FOR THE NIGHT.

Now God be with us, for the night is closing,
The light and darkness are of His disposing ;
And 'neath His shadow here to rest we yield us,
For He will shield us.

Let evil thoughts and passions flee before us ;
Till morning cometh, watch, O Father, o'er us,
In soul and body Thou from harm defend us,
Thy mercy send us.

Let pious thoughts be ours when sleep o'er takes us,
Our earliest thoughts be Thine when morning
wakes us ;
All sick and mourners, we to Thee commend them ;
Do thou befriend them.

We have no refuge, none on earth to aid us,
But Thee, O Father, who Thine own hast made us ;
Keep us in life ; forgive our sins, deliver
Us now and ever.

138

IN THE NIGHT.

In the dead silence of the voiceless night,
When from my wakeful eyes the slumbers flee,
Whom in the darkness doth my spirit seek,
O God, but Thee ?

And if there be a weight upon my heart,
Some lingering sadness of the day foregone—
Scarce knowing what it is, I fly to Thee
And lay it down.

Or, if it be the chilling gloom that creeps
Before the shadow of advancing ill,
My soul still rests unheeding what it is,
Since 't is Thy will.

More tranquil than the stillness of the night,
More peaceful than the silence of this hour,
More blest than any thing, my spirit lies
Beneath Thy power.

For what is there on earth that I desire,
Of all that it can give or take from me ;
Or whom in heaven doth my spirit seek,
O God, but Thee ?

139 A COLLOQUY WITH GOD.

The night is come like to the day,
Depart not Thou, Great God, away ;
Let not my sins, black as the night,
Eclipse the lustre of Thy light.

Keep still in my horizon, for to me
The sun makes not the day, but Thee.
Thou whose nature cannot sleep,
On my temple sentry keep ;

Guard me 'gainst those watchful foes
Whose eyes are open, while mine close.
Let no dreams my head infest
But such as Jacob's temple blest.

While I do rest, my soul advance,
Make my sleep a holy trance.
That I may, my rest being wrought,
Awake into some holy thought,

And with as active vigor run
My course as doth the noble sun.
Sleep is a death ! O make me try
By sleeping what it is to die,

And as gently lay my head
On my grave as on my bed.
Howe'er I rest, Great God, let me
Awake again, at last, with Thee.

And thus assured behold I lie
Securely, or to wake or die.

140

MOTHERHOOD.

Lord, who ordainest for mankind
Benignant toils and tender cares,
We thank Thee for the ties that bind
The mother to the child she bears.

We thank Thee for the hopes that rise
Within her heart as, day by day,
The dawning soul from those young eyes
Looks with a clearer, steadier ray.

And, grateful for the blessing given,
With that dear infant on her knee,
She trains the eye to look to heaven,
The voice to lisp a prayer to Thee.

All-gracious ! grant to those who bear
A mother's charge, the strength and light
To lead the steps that own their care
In ways of love and truth and right.

141

DEDICATION OF A CHILD.

This child we dedicate to Thee,
O God of grace and purity !
Shield it from sin and threatening wrong,
And let Thy love its life prolong.

O may Thy spirit gently draw
 Its willing soul to keep Thy law !
 May virtue, piety, and truth
 Dawn even with its dawning youth !

142

JOY IN GOD'S WORKS.

(Psalm xcii.)

For the day of rest.

Thou who art enthroned above,
 Thou by whom we live and move,
 O how sweet, with joyful tongue
 To resound Thy praise in song !

When the morning paints the skies,
 When the sparkling stars arise,
 All Thy favors to rehearse,
 And give thanks in grateful verse.

Sweet the day of sacred rest,
 When devotion fills the breast ;
 When we dwell within Thy house,
 Hear Thy word, and pay our vows.

From Thy works our joys arise,
 O Thou only good and wise !
 Who Thy wonders can declare ?
 How profound Thy counsels are !

Warm our hearts with sacred fire,
Grateful fervors still inspire ;
All our powers, with all their might,
Ever in Thy praise unite.

143 THE OPENING YEAR.

Great God, we sing that mighty hand,
By which, supported, still we stand :
The opening year Thy mercy shows ;
That mercy crowns it till it close.

By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still are we guarded by our God ;
By His incessant bounty fed,
By His unerring counsel led.

With grateful hearts the past we own ;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to Thy guardian care commit,
And, peaceful, leave before Thy feet.

In scenes exalted or depressed,
Thou art our joy, and Thou our rest ;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

144 THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE.

To weary hearts, to mourning homes,
God's meekest angel gently comes.
No power hath he to banish pain,
Or give us back our lost again ;
And yet, in tenderest love, our dear
And heavenly Father sends him here.

There 's quiet in that angel's glance,
There 's rest in his still countenance ;
He mocks no grief with idle cheer,
Nor wounds with words the mourner's ear ;
But ills and woes he may not cure,
He kindly trains us to endure.

Angel of patience ! sent to calm
Our feverish brows with cooling balm,
To lay the storms of hope and fear,
And reconcile life's smile and tear,
The throbs of wounded pride to still,
And make our own our Father's will !

O thou who mournest on thy way
With longings for the close of day ;
He walks with thee, that angel kind,
And gently whispers, " Be resigned ! "
Bear up, bear on, the end shall tell,
The dear Lord ordereth all things well.

145 THE SONG OF TRUST.

Give to the winds thy fears,
 Hope and be undismayed ;
 God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears,
 God shall lift up thy head.
 Through waves, through clouds and storms,
 He gently clears thy way ;
 Wait thou His time, so shall the night
 Soon end in joyous day.

He everywhere hath sway,
 And all things serve His might ;
 His every act pure blessing is,
 His path unsullied light.
 When He makes bare His arm,
 What shall His work withstand ?
 When He His people's cause defends,
 Who, who shall stay His hand ?

Leave to His sovereign sway
 To choose and to command ;
 With wonder filled, thou then shalt own,
 How wise, how strong His hand.
 Thou comprehend'st Him not ;
 Yet earth and heaven tell :
 God sits as Sovereign on the throne ;
 He ruleth all things well.

Thou seest our weakness, Lord !
 Our hearts are known to Thee ;
 O lift Thou up the sinking hand,
 Confirm the feeble knee !
 Let us, in life and death,
 Boldly Thy truth declare !
 And publish with our latest breath
 Thy love and guardian care.

146

INVOCATION.

Grant me a way, O Lord and Guardian mine,
 Thy praise to show, and prove that I am Thine ;
 Help me, when sin allures with promise fair,
 To shun the snare.

Let good will strengthen me for others' needs,
 And time and place still serve for noble deeds,
 That piously the work of love be done,
 As 't was begun.

Courage and zeal Thy will and work demand ;
 Oh ! may the timid pretext never stand,
 That for Thy purposes my strength may quail,
 Or due time fail.

Yes, I will learn to rule this stubborn clay,
 Will drive temptation's false delights away,
 So that I daily over every sin
 New strength may win

147 THE WORTH OF SUFFERING.

O deem not that earth's crowning bliss
 Is found in joy alone ;
 For sorrow, bitter though it be,
 Hath blessings all its own.

As blossoms smitten by the rain
 Their sweetest odors yield ;
 As where the plough has deepest struck,
 Rich harvests crown the field.

So to the hopes, by sorrow crushed,
 A nobler faith succeeds ;
 And life, by trials furrowed, bears
 The fruit of loving deeds.

148 FOR SPIRITUAL STRENGTH.

O Lord, to whom the heart's desires lie bare
 Ere yet expressed in supplicating prayer,
 Grant me but this and gladly will I die :
 That Thou to me Thy grace wilt not deny !
 Keep in Thy hand my life until its close,
 And sweet I 'll slumber in my soul's repose.

Swayed by the impetus of youth till now,
 When may my conscience its own strength avow ?
 The worldliness that dwells within my heart
 Hath kept me from my longed-for goal apart ;
 How can I, living, truly love the Lord,
 I, slave of passion and of sin abhorred ?

'T is death in life Thy standard to desert ;
 'T is life in death Thy power to assert.
 Yet passeth me, how I Thy grace shall gain,
 How prove my faith, Thy service how attain ?
 Lead me, O Lord ! upon Thy tranquil way,
 Deliver me from folly's tempting sway.

149 “ IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.”

Led by kindlier hand than ours,
 We journey through this earthly scene,
 And should not in our weary hours
 Turn to regret what might have been.

And yet these hearts, when torn by pain,
 Or wrung by disappointment keen,
 Will seek relief from present cares
 In thoughts of joys that might have been.

But let us still these wishes vain ;
 We know not that of which we dream.
 Our lives might have been sadder yet ;
 God only knows what might have been.

Forgive us, Lord, our little faith :
 And keep us all, from morn till e'en,
 Still to believe that lot the best
 Which is—not that which might have been.

And grant, we may so pass the days
 The cradle and the grave between,
 That death's dark may not darker be
 For thought of what life might have been.

150 WHO IS THE ANGEL THAT COMETH ?

(A Chant.)

Who is the angel that cometh ?
 Life !
 Let us not question what he brings,
 Peace or strife ;
 Under the shade of his mighty wings,
 One by one,
 Are his secrets told ;
 One by one,
 Lit by the rays of each morning sun,
 Shall a new flower its petals unfold,
 With the mystery hid in its heart of gold.

We will arise and go forth to greet him,
Singing gladly with one accord :
“Blessed is he that cometh
In the name of the Lord.”

Who is the angel that cometh ?
Pain !
Let us arise and go forth to greet him ;
Not in vain
Is the summons come for us to meet him ;
He will stay
And darken our sun ;
He will stay
A desolate night, a weary day.
Since in that shadow our work is done,
And in that shadow our crowns are won,
Let us say still, while his bitter chalice
Slowly into our hearts is poured :
“Blessed is he that cometh
In the name of the Lord.”

Who is the angel that cometh ?
Death !
But do not shudder and do not fear ;
Hold your breath,
For a kingly presence is drawing near.
Cold and bright
In his flashing steel,
Cold and bright

The smile that comes like a starry light
 To calm the terror and grief we feel ;
 He comes to help, and to save, and to heal.
 Then let us, baring our hearts and kneeling,
 Sing while we wait this angel's sword :
 “Blessed is he that cometh
 In the name of the Lord.”

151 MEDITATION ON DEATH.

Forget thine anguish,
 Vexed heart again !
 Why shouldst thou languish
 With earthly pain ?
 The husk shall slumber
 Bedded in clay,
 Silent and sombre,
 Oblivion's prey.

Why full of terror,
 Compassed with error,
 Trouble thy heart
 For thy mortal part ?
 The soul flies home,
 The corpse is dumb,
 Of all thou didst have
 Follows naught to the grave ;
 Thou fliest thy nest
 Swift as a bird to thy rest.

Life is a vine branch,
 A vintager, death ;
 He threatens and lowers,
 More near with each breath,
 Then hasten, arise,
 Seek God, O my soul !
 For time quickly flies
 Though far seems the goal.

152 IT SINGETH LOW IN EVERY HEART.

It singeth low in every heart,
 We hear it each and all,—
 A song of those who answer not,
 However we may call.
 They throng the silence of the breast,
 We see them as of yore,—
 The kind, the brave, the true, the sweet,
 Though they are here no more.

'T is hard to take the burden up,
 When these have laid it down ;
 They brightened all the joy of life,
 They softened every frown.
 But oh ! 't is good to think of them
 When we are troubled sore ;
 Thanks be to God that such have been,
 Although they are no more.

More home-like seems the vast Unknown,
 Since they have entered there ;
 To follow them were not so hard,
 Wherever they may fare.
 They cannot be where God is not,
 On any sea or shore :
 Whate'er betides, Thy love abides,
 Our God for evermore.

153 SOWING AND REAPING.

Sow with a generous hand,
 Pause not for toil and pain ;
 Weary not through the heat of summer,
 Weary not through the cold spring rain ;
 But wait till the autumn comes
 For the sheaves of golden grain.

Scatter the seed and fear not,—
 A table will be spread ;
 What matter if you are too weary
 To eat your hard-earned bread ?
 Sow while the earth is broken,
 For the hungry must be fed.

O sow !—for the hours are fleeting
 And the seed must fall to-day,
 And care not what hands shall reap it,
 Or if you shall have passed away
 Before the waving cornfields
 Shall gladden the sunny day.

Sow—and look onward, upward,
 Where the starry light appears,
 Where, in spite of the coward's doubting
 Or your own heart's trembling fears,
 You shall reap in joy the harvest
 You have sown to-day in tears.

154 IN UNITY WITH GOD AND MAN.

Eternal Ruler of the ceaseless round
 Of circling planets singing on their way ;
 Guide of the nations from the night profound
 Into the glory of the perfect day ;
 Rule in our hearts that we may ever be
 Guided and strengthened and upheld by Thee.

We would be one in hatred of all wrong,
 One in our love of all things sweet and fair,
 One with the joy that breaketh into song,
 One with the grief that trembles into prayer,
 One in the power that makes Thy children free
 To follow truth and thus to follow Thee.

Oh, clothe us with Thy heavenly armor, Lord !
 Thy trusty shield, Thy word of Love divine ;
 Our inspiration be Thy constant word ;
 We ask no victories that are not Thine ;
 Give or withhold, let pain or pleasure be,
 Enough to know that we are serving Thee.

155

WEEP NO MORE.

Relentless and unswerving in its course,
 Time reaches onward in its dread career ;
 And earth that nourished, earth that was the source,
 Reclaims her part, resigned with many a tear.

But why bewail the fate of our loved dead ?
 Why selfishly thus weep above the bier ?
 Their care is gone, their every sorrow fled :
 It 's but the living that can claim the tear.

They dread no more for whom we vainly mourn ;
 Their pangs are past, their souls from shackles
 free,
 Their prison gates were oped, their fetters torn,
 They fled—redeemed for all eternity.

Eternity ! O mighty, wond'rous thought !
 What words sufficient for so high a theme !
 With promises of God's sweet mercy fraught—
 The joyous morning after this life's dream ;

A dream that points to hope of future meed,
 The recompense of every earthly woe ;
 Our trust in God that they whose souls He freed,
 Immunity from earthly troubles know.

156 AT THE PORTAL OF THE GRAVE.

I.

Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress-trees !
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play !
Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
The truth, to flesh and sense unknown :
That life is ever lord of death
And love can never lose its own.

II.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan which moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not as the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon ; but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

157

FUNERAL HYMN.

Clay to clay, and dust to dust !
 Let them mingle—for they must !
 Give to earth the earthly clod,
 For the spirit 's fled to God.

Dust to dust, and clay to clay !
 Ashes now with ashes lay !
 Earthly mould to earth be given,
 For the spirit 's fled to heaven.

Never more shall midnight's damp
 Darken round this mortal lamp ;
 Never more shall noonday's glance
 Search this mortal countenance.

Deep the pit and cold the bed
 Where the spoils of death are laid ;
 Stiff the curtains, chill the gloom,
 Of man's melancholy tomb.

Look aloft ! the spirit 's risen—
 Death cannot the soul imprison ;
 'T is in heaven the spirits dwell,
 Glorious, though invisible.

Thither let us turn our view,
 Peace is there and comfort too ;
 There shall those we love be found,
 Tracing joy's eternal round.

158

FAITH AND HOPE.

The world may change from old to new,
 From new to old again,
 Yet hope and heaven, forever true,
 Within man's heart remain.

The dreams that bless the weary soul,
 The struggles of the strong,
 Are steps toward some happy goal,
 The story of hope's song.

Hope leads the child to plant the flower,
 The man to sow the seed ;
 Nor leaves fulfilment to the hour,
 But prompts again to deed ;
 And ere upon the old man's dust
 The grass is seen to wave,
 We look through falling tears to trust
 Hope's sunshine in the grave.

Oh, no ! it is no flattering lure,
 No fancy weak or fond,
 When hope would bid us rest secure
 In the better life beyond.
 Nor love, nor shame, nor grief, nor sin,
 His promise may gainsay ;
 The voice divine hath spoke within,
 And God cannot betray.

159

ABIDE IN ME.

Abide in me, O Lord, and I in Thee ;
 From this good hour, O leave me nevermore ;
 Then shall the discord cease, the wound be healed,
 The life-long bleeding of the soul be o'er.

Abide with me ; o'ershadow with Thy love
 Each half-formed purpose and dark thought of
 sin ;
 Quench ere it rise each selfish, low desire ;
 And keep my soul as Thine, calm and divine.

Abide in me : there have been moments blest,
 When I have heard Thy voice and felt Thy
 power ;
 Then evil lost its grasp ; and passion, hushed,
 Owned the Divine enchantment of the hour.

These were but seasons beautiful and rare ;
 Abide in me, and they shall ever be.
 Fulfil at once Thy precept and my prayer ;
 Come and abide in me, and I in Thee.

160

BEFORE PARTING.

I.

Now, as the parting hour is nigh,
 In our last song, with glad refrain,
 To God on earth and in the sky
 We lift both voice and heart again.

Soon may that blessed morn arise,
When o'er the earth, from east to west,
Thy light shall flood the earth and skies,
And all mankind in Thee be blest !

II.

Be Thou, O God, exalted high ;
And, as Thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till Thou art here as there obeyed.

III.

Now glory be to God on high,
Who made the earth, the sea, the sky ;
Whose law is perfect, true, and sure ;
Whose mercy ever doth endure.

IV.

To God, whose mercies never end,
Our overflowing thanks we pour ;
Whose light and truth through earth extend ;
Whose goodness is for evermore.

Then let our hearts and lips unite
To chant our thanks in choral lays,
As we in gratitude recite
O Lord, Thy everlasting praise.

161

V.

" For ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace."
—Isaiah iv : 12.

Father, again to Thy dear name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise ;
We stand to bless Thee, ere our worship cease,
Then lowly bending, wait Thy word of peace.

Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way ;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day.
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the heart from shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy name.

Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming
night ;
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light ;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife ;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

162

VI.

Ere to the world again we go,
Its pleasures, cares, and idle show,
Thy grace once more, O God, we crave,
From folly and from sin to save.

May the great truths we here have heard—
 The lesson of Thy holy word—
 Dwell in the inmost bosom's deep,
 And all our souls from error keep.

O may the influence of this day
 Long as our memory with us stay,
 And as an angel guardian prove,
 To guide us to our home above !

163

GOD OUR GUIDE.

God and Father, Thou hast taught me
 I should live to Thee alone ;
 Year by year Thy hand hath brought me
 On through dangers oft unknown.
 When I wandered, Thou hast found me,
 When I doubted, sent me light ;
 Still Thine arm has been around me,
 All my paths were in Thy sight.

I would trust in Thy protecting,
 Wholly rest upon Thine arm,
 Follow wholly Thy directing,
 Thou mine only guide from harm !
 Keep me from mine own undoing,
 Help me turn to Thee when tried ;
 Still my footsteps, Father, viewing,
 Keep me ever at Thy side !

164 GOD IS NOT FAR FROM US.

The heaven of heavens cannot contain
 The universal Lord ;
 Yet He in humble hearts will deign
 To dwell and be adored.

Where'er ascends the sacrifice
 Of fervent praise and prayer,
 Or on the earth, or in the skies,
 The heaven of God is there.

His presence there is spread abroad
 Through realms, through worlds unknown ;
 Who seek the mercies of our God
 Are ever near His throne.

165 GIVE THANKS TO GOD.

Great God ! my joyful thanks to Thee
 Shall, like Thy gifts, continual be ;
 In constant streams Thy bounty flows,
 Nor end nor intermission knows.

Thy kindness all my comforts gives ;
 My numerous wants Thy hand relieves ;
 Nor can I ever, Lord, be poor,
 Who live on Thy exhaustless store.

If what I wish Thy will denies,
 It is that Thou art good and wise ;
 Afflictions which may make me mourn
 Thou canst, Thou dost, to blessings turn.

Deep, Lord, upon my thankful breast
 Let all Thy favors be impressed ;
 And though withdrawn Thy gifts should be,
 In all things I 'll give thanks to Thee.

166

IN THE NIGHT.

I.

Unto the house of peace my spirit yearns,
 Unto the source of being my soul turns ;
 To where the sacred life of heaven burns,
 She struggles thitherward by day and night.

The splendor of the Lord doth blind her eyes ;
 Up without wings she soareth to the skies,
 Longing in silence, ever seeks to rise
 In dusky evening and in darksome night.

To her the wonder of God's works appear ;
 She longs with fervor Him to draw anear ;
 The tidings of His glory doth she hear
 From morn to even and from night to night.

The heaven of Thy grace did o'er me rest,
 Yet was Thy worship banished from my breast.
 Almighty ! Thou didst seek me out and test
 To try, and to instruct me in the right.

In flesh imprisoned is the son of light,
 This life is but a bridge when seen aright.
 Rise in the silent hour and pray with might ;
 Awake and call upon thy God by night.

167

II.

Infatuate, I trifled faith away,
 In nothingness drained through my manhood's day ;
 Therefore my streaming tears I may not stay—
 They are my meat and drink by day and night.

Hasten to cleanse thyself of sin ; arise !
 Follow truth's path that leads unto the skies :
 As swift as yesterday existence flies,
 Brief, even as a watch within the night.

Youth's charm has like a fleeting shadow gone,
 With eagle wings the hours of life have flown ;
 Alas ! the time when pleasure I have known
 I may not now recall by day or night.

Observe a pious fear, be whole again,
 Hasten to purge thy heart of every stain ;
 No more from prayer and penitence refrain,
 But turn unto Thy God by day and night.

He speaks : My child, yea, I will send thee aid ;
 Bend thou thy steps to me ; be not afraid !
 No nearer friend than I am hast thou made ;
 Patiently wait the day, to which there is no night.

168

THE SOVEREIGN POWER.

(Psalm cxlv.)

I will extol Thee, O my King !
 Thy holiness proclaim ;
 And earth with every voice shall sing
 The glories of Thy name.

Thy tender mercies brightly shine ;
 Immortal is Thy pow'r ;
 Thy love, a beaming ray divine,
 That lights each passing hour.

The mem'ry of Thy goodness still
 Shall grateful hearts pervade ;
 Thy majesty and glory will
 Forever be displayed.

The eyes of all shall wait on Thee,
 For perfect are Thy ways ;
 And pious hearts united be,
 O Maker ! in Thy praise.

169 THE DIVINE LOVE UNCHANGEABLE.

(Psalm ciii.)

O my soul, with all thy powers,
 Bless the Lord's most holy name,
 O my soul, till life's last hours,
 Bless the Lord, His praise proclaim !
 As the heaven the earth transcends,
 Over us His care extends.

He with loving-kindness crowned thee,
 Satisfied thy mouth with good ;
 From the snares of death unbound thee,
 Eagle-like thy youth renewed :
 Rich in tender mercy He,
 Slow to wrath, to favor free.

Far as east and west are parted,
 He our sins hath severed thus ;
 As a father, loving-hearted,
 Spares his son, He spareth us.
 For He knows our feeble frame ;
 He remembers whence we came.

Mark the field-flower where it groweth
 Frail and beautiful ;—anon,
 When the south wind softly bloweth,
 Look again,—the flower is gone :
 Such is man ; his honors pass
 Like the glory of the grass.

From eternity, enduring
 To eternity,—the Lord,
 Still His people's bliss ensuring,
 Keeps His covenanted word ;
 Yea, with truth and righteousness,
 Children's children will He bless.

170

WHAT IS MAN?

Child of the earth ! O lift thy glance
 To yon bright firmament's expanse ;
 The glories of its realms explore,
 And gaze, and wonder, and adore !

Count o'er those lamps of quenchless light,
 That sparkle through the shades of night !
 Behold them—can a mortal boast
 To number that celestial host ?

Mark well each little star, whose rays
 In distant splendor meet thy gaze ;
 Each is a world by Him sustained,
 Who from eternity hath reigned.

What then art thou, O child of clay !
 Amid creation's grandeur, say ?
 E'en as an insect on the breeze ;
 E'en as a dew-drop, lost in seas !

Yet fear thou not !—the sovereign hand
 Which spread the ocean and the land,
 And hung the rolling spheres in air,
 Hath e'en for thee a father's care.

Be thou at peace ! The all-seeing eye,
 Pervading earth, and air, and sky—
 The searching glance which none may flee,—
 Is still, in mercy, turned on thee.

171

IN SPRING.

The springtide hour brings leaf and flower
 With songs of life and love ;
 And many a lay wears out the day
 In many a leafy grove.
 Bird, flower, and tree seem to agree
 Their choicest gifts to bring ;
 But this poor heart bears not its part ;
 In it there is no spring.

Lord, let Thy love, fresh from above,
 Soft as the south wind, blow ;
 Call forth its bloom, wake its perfume,
 And bid its spices flow !
 And when Thy voice makes earth rejoice,
 And the hills laugh and sing,
 Lord, make this heart to bear its part
 And join the praise of spring.

172 SUBJECTION TO GOD.

O Thou, who hast at Thy command
The hearts of all men in Thy hand !
Our wayward, erring hearts incline
To have no other will but Thine.

Our wishes, our desires control ;
Mould every purpose of the soul ;
O'er all may we victorious be,
That stands between ourselves and Thee.

Twice blest will all our blessings be
When we can look through them to Thee ;
When each glad heart its tribute pays
Of love and gratitude and praise.

And while we to Thy glory live,
May we to Thee all glory give,
Until at last the summons come
That calls Thy willing servants home.

173 THE PEACE OF GOD.

O Father, lift our souls above,
Till we find rest in Thy dear love.
And still that peace divine impart
Which sanctifies the inmost heart,
And makes each morn and setting sun
But bring us nearer to Thy throne.

Help us with man in peace to live,
 Our brother's wrong in love forgive,
 And day and night temptation flee,
 Through strength which comes alone from Thee !
 Thus will our spirits find their rest,
 In Thy deep peace forever blest.

174 THE DAILY MERCIES OF GOD.

My God, how endless is Thy love !
 Thy gifts are every evening new,
 And morning mercies from above
 Gently distil, like early dew.

Thou spreadst the curtains of the night,
 Great guardian of my sleeping hours !
 Thy sovereign word restores the light,
 And quickens all my drowsy powers.

I yield my powers to Thy command ;
 To Thee I consecrate my days ;
 Perpetual blessings from Thy hand
 Demand perpetual songs of praise.

175 SELF-DEDICATION.

Forth in Thy name, O Lord, I go,
 My daily labor to pursue ;
 Thee, only Thee, resolved to know,
 In all I think, or speak, or do.

The task Thy wisdom hath assigned,
 O let me cheerfully fulfil ;
 In all my works Thy presence find,
 And prove Thine acceptable will.

Thee may I set at my right hand,
 Whose eyes mine inmost spirit see ;
 And labor on at Thy command,
 And offer all my works to Thee.

176

LIGHT FOR ALL.

The light pours down from heaven
 And enters where it may ;
 The eyes of all earth's children
 Are cheered with one bright day.

So let the mind's true sunshine
 Be spread o'er earth as free,
 And fill men's waiting spirits
 As the waters fill the sea.

The soul can shed a glory
 On every work well done,
 As even things most lowly
 Are radiant in the sun.

Then let each human spirit
 Enjoy the vision bright :
 The Truth which comes from heaven
 Shall spread like heaven's own light,

Till earth becomes God's temple ;
 And every human heart
 Shall join in one great service,
 Each happy in his part.

177

THE HALLOWED DAY.

This is the day of Light !
 Let there be light to-day ;
 O dayspring, rise upon our night,
 And chase its gloom away !

This is the day of Rest !
 Our failing strength renew ;
 On aching heart and troubled breast
 Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.

This is the day of Peace !
 Thy peace our spirits fill ;
 Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease,
 The waves of strife be still.

This is the day of Prayer !
Let earth to heaven draw near ;
Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there,
Come down to meet us here.

178

SABBATH PRAYER.

With grateful heart I greet again
This holy day of rest,
To chant within Thy holy fane,
And bow at Thy behest.

On Thee, O God ! my hopes rely ;
Thy name be ever praised ;
Vouchsafe to bless and sanctify
These strains devoutly raised.

O banish hence, far from my mind,
All evil thoughts away ;
And grant my soul may favor find,
On this, Thy holy day.

And at the altar as I bend
To supplicate Thy care,
In mercy, Lord ! Thy blessing send
Upon my humble prayer.

179 THE MEMORY OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

Earth's transitory things decay,
 Its pomps, its pleasures pass away ;
 But the sweet memory of the good
 Survives in the vicissitude.

As 'midst the ever-rolling sea
 The eternal isles established be,
 'Gainst which the surges of the main
 Fret, dash, and break themselves in vain ;

As in the heavens the urns divine
 Of golden light forever shine ;
 Though clouds may darken, storms may rage,
 They still shine on from age to age :

So, through the ocean-tide of years,
 The memory of the just appears ;
 So through the tempest and the gloom
 The good man's virtues light the tomb.

Happy the righteous ! come what may,
 Though heaven dissolve and earth decay ;
 Happy the righteous man ! for he
 Belongs to immortality.

180

PRAYER ACCEPTED.

How purely true, how deeply warm,
 The inly-breathed appeal may be,
 Though adoration wears no form,
 In upraised hand or bended knee !
 One spirit fills all boundless space,—
 No limit to the when and where ;
 And little recks the time or place
 That leads the soul to praise and prayer.

Father above, Almighty one,
 Creator, is that worship vain
 That hails each mountain as Thy throne
 And finds a universal fane ?
 When shining stars or spangled sod
 Call forth devotion, who shall dare
 To blame or tell me that a God
 Will never deign to hear such prayer ?

O God ! how beautiful the thought,
 How merciful the bless'd decree,
 That grace can e'er be found when sought,
 And nought shut out the soul from Thee !
 The cell may cramp, the fetters gall,
 The flame may scorch, the rack may tear,
 But torture-stake and prison-wall
 Can be endured with faith and prayer.

In desert wilds, in midnight gloom,
 In grateful joy, in trying pain,
 In laughing youth, or night the tomb—
 O when is prayer unheard or vain ?
 The Infinite, the King of kings,
 Will never heed the when and where ;
 He 'll ne'er reject the heart that brings
 The offering of fervent prayer.

181

ULTIMATE TRUTH.

In the bitter waves of woe,
 Beaten and tossed about
 By the sullen winds that blow
 From the desolate shores of doubt ;

When the anchors that faith had cast
 Are dragging in the gale,
 I am quietly holding fast
 To the things that cannot fail ;

I know that right is right ;
 That it is not good to lie ;
 That love is better than spite,
 And a neighbor than a spy ;

I know that passion needs
 The leash of a sober mind ;
 I know that generous deeds
 Some sure reward will find ;

That the rulers must obey ;
That the givers shall increase ;
That duty lights the way
For the beautiful feet of Peace ;

In the darkest night of the year,
When the stars have all gone out,
That courage is better than fear,
That faith is truer than doubt ;

And fierce though the fiends may fight,
And long though the angels hide,
I know that truth and right
Have the universe on their side ;

And that somewhere beyond the stars
Is a love that is better than fate ;
When the night unlocks her bars
I shall see Him, and I will wait.

ANTHEMS.

ANTHEMS.

1 *Psalm cxxi.*

I lift mine eyes unto the mountains ; whence cometh my help ?

My help cometh from God who made heaven and earth.

He will not suffer thy foot to stumble ; thy Guardian does not slumber.

Behold the Guardian of Israel doth neither slumber nor sleep.

The Lord will preserve thee when thou goest out and when thou comest in, from this time and forever.

2 *Psalm cxxii.*

I was glad when they said unto me : We will go up unto the house of the Lord ;

For thither the tribes go up to give thanks unto the Lord.

Peace be within thy walls and prosperity within thy palaces.

For my brethren and companions' sake will I say :
 Peace be within thee !
 For the sake of the house of the Lord our God, will
 I seek thy good.

3

Behold, now praise the Lord, all ye servants of the
 Lord that by night stand in His house.
 Lift up your hand in the sanctuary and praise the
 Lord.
 He that made heaven and earth give thee blessing
 out of Zion, Hallelujah !

4

Psalm xvi: 8, 9, 11.

I have set the Lord always before my eyes ; be-
 cause he is at my right hand I shall not be
 moved.

Therefore my heart is glad and my soul rejoiceth
 and I rest in safety.

Thou wilt show me the path of life ; in Thy pres-
 ence is fulness of joy ; at Thy right hand there
 are pleasures for evermore.

5

Isaiah 1: 10.

Who is among you that feareth the Lord ; that obeyeth the voice of His servant ?
 Though he walk in darkness and have no light, let him trust in the name of the Lord and stay upon his God.

Isaiah lxx : 7.

How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, That publisheth peace, that proclaimeth salvation, That saith to Zion : Behold, Thy God reigneth !

6

Psalm xxvii : 1, 11, 13, 14.

The Lord is my light and my salvation, whom shall I fear ?
 The Lord is the strength of my life, of whom shall I be afraid ?
 Teach me Thy way, O Lord, and lead me in a plain path !
 I had fainted unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living.
 Wait on the Lord, be strong, and let thine heart take courage ; yea, wait thou on the Lord.

7

Psalm lxxxvi.

Bow down Thine ear, O Lord, and answer me;
 save Thy servant that trusteth in Thee.
 Be merciful to me, O Lord, for unto Thee do I
 cry all day long.
 For Thou, Lord, art good and ready to forgive, and
 plenteous in mercy unto all them that call on
 Thee.
 will praise Thee with my whole heart, and I will
 glorify Thy name for evermore.

8

O God of Hosts, the mighty Lord,
 How lovely is the place
 Where Thou, enthroned in glory, showest
 The brightness of Thy face !
 My longing soul faints with desire
 To view Thy blest abode ;
 My panting heart and flesh cry out
 For Thee, the living God.

9

Ye shall dwell in the land that I gave to your
 fathers :
 His mercy endureth forever !
 And ye shall be my people, and I will be your God.
 I will multiply the fruit of the tree and the in-
 crease of the field.

And the desolate land shall be tilled, whereas it
lay desolate in the sight of all that passed by.

And they shall say :

This land that was waste has become like the gar-
den of Eden.

Give thanks unto the Lord ;
His mercy endureth for ever.

10

Give ear unto me, Lord, I beseech Thee,
For I have walked in Thy commandments ;
Let me be judged with righteous judgment ;
O let my sentence come from Thy presence ;
O hold Thou me up ; guide me in the path of
Thy commandments.

I am Thy servant ; teach me Thy statutes ;
Hold up my goings in all Thy paths, so that my
footsteps may not be moved.

11

Psalm cxxx : 1-4.

Out of the deep have I called unto Thee, O Lord ;
hear my voice.

O let Thine ear consider well the voice of my com-
plaint.

If Thou, O Lord, wilt be extreme to mark what is
done amiss, who may abide it ?

But there is mercy with Thee, therefore shalt Thou
be trusted.

12

Psalm cxxiii: 1, 2.

Unto Thee will I lift up mine eyes, O Thou who art enthroned in the heavens !
 Behold, as the eyes of servants look unto the hand of their master ;
 As the eyes of a maiden look unto the hand of her mistress,
 So our eyes look unto the Lord our God until He have mercy on us.

13

Psalm xxx: 1, 5, 12.

I will extol Thee, O Lord, for Thou hast raised me up and hast not made my foes to rejoice over me.
 I cried unto Thee and Thou hast healed me, that I should not go down to the grave.
 Sing praise unto the Lord, give thanks unto His holy name.
 For His anger is but for a moment, His favor is for life.
 Weeping may tarry for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.
 O Lord my God ! I will give thanks to Thee for ever.

14

Psalm cxxx : 5, 6, 7.

I wait for the Lord, my soul doth wait for the Lord,
and in His word do I hope.

My soul looketh for the Lord more than watchmen
look for the morning.

O Israel ! hope in the Lord, for with Him there is
mercy and plenteous redemption.

Wait upon the Lord !

15

Isaiah xl : 1-5.

Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people ! saith your
God.

Speak ye to the heart of Jerusalem and cry unto
her : that her servitude is finished ; that her
sin is pardoned ;

She has received at the Lord's hand double for all
her sins.

The voice of one that crieth : Prepare ye in the
wilderness the way of the Lord ;

Make straight in the desert a highway for our God ;
Every valley shall be exalted and every mountain
and hill shall be made low ;

And the crooked shall be made straight and the
rough places plain ;

And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all
flesh shall see it together,

For the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

16

Isaiah xi: 27-31.

Why sayest thou, O Jacob, and speakest, O Israel,
 My way is hid from the Lord and my judgment
 is passed away from my God ?

Hast thou not known ? hast thou not heard ? the
 everlasting God, the Creator of the ends of the
 earth fainteth not, neither is He weary.

There is no searching for His understanding.

He giveth power to the faint ; and to him that hath
 no might He increases strength.

Even though youths shall faint and be weary and
 the young men shall utterly fail ;

Yet they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their
 strength ;

They shall mount up with wings as eagles ; they
 shall walk and not faint ; they shall run and not be
 weary.

17

Isaiah xii.

And in that day thou shalt say : I will give thanks
 unto Thee ;

Thou wast wroth with me—Thine anger is turned
 away and Thou comfortest me.

The Lord God is my strength and song, and He is
 become my salvation ;

Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the
 wells of salvation.

Sing unto the Lord, for He has done excellent things ; let this be known in all the earth !
Hallelujah !

18

Psalm cv: 3-6.

Glory ye in His holy name ; let the heart of them rejoice that seek the Lord.
Seek ye the Lord and His strength, seek His face for evermore.
Remember His marvellous works that He has done, His wonders and the judgments of His mouth.

19

Psalm lxxxv: 8-12.

I will hear what God, the Lord, speaketh ; for He will speak peace unto His people ; but let them not turn again to folly.
Surely, His salvation is nigh them that fear Him, that glory may dwell in our land.
Mercy and truth are met together ; righteousness and peace have kissed each other.
Truth springeth out of the earth and righteousness looks down from heaven.
Yea, the Lord will give that which is good, and our land shall yield her increase.

20

Psalm cxxxiii : 1, 3, 4.

Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity !
 Like the dew of Hermon that cometh down upon the mountain of Zion.
 For there the Lord commandeth His blessings, even life for evermore.

21

Psalm xlii.

As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, even so panteth my soul after Thee, O God.
 My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God : when shall I come and appear before Him ?
 My tears have been my meat day and night, while they continually say unto me : where is thy God ?
 Why art thou cast down, O my soul ? and why art thou disquieted within me ?
 Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise Him who is my salvation and my help.

22

Psalm lxxi : 1, 9, 17, 18.

In Thee, O God, do I put my trust ; let me never be ashamed.
 Cast me not off in the time of old age ; forsake me not when my strength faileth.

O God, be not far from me. Thou hast taught me from my youth, and hitherto have I declared Thy wondrous works.

Yea, even when I am old and gray-headed forsake me not, O God, until I have declared Thy power unto the next generation, Thy might to those coming after me.

23

Psalm cxlii : 2, 8.

Enter not into judgment with Thy servant, for in Thy sight shall no man living be justified.

Cause me to know the way wherein I should walk, for I lift up my soul unto Thee.

24

Psalm civ.

O Lord, how manifold are Thy works ! in wisdom hast Thou made them all ; the earth is full of Thy riches.

Thou waterest the hills from above ; the earth is filled with the fruit of Thy works.

Thou bringest forth grass for the cattle, and green herb for the service of men.

O Lord, how manifold are Thy works ! Thou re-newest the face of the earth.

Thy glory shall endure forever ; the Lord will rejoice in His works.

25*Psalm cxviii: 14, 15, 24.*

The Lord is my strength and my song, and is become my salvation.

The voice of joy and help is in the dwellings of the righteous.

The right hand of the Lord bringeth mighty things to pass.

This is the day which the Lord hath made ; we will rejoice and be glad in it.

26*Exodus xv: 13, 18.*

Thou in Thy mercy hast led forth Thy people which Thou hast redeemed ;

Thou hast guided them in Thy strength unto Thy holy habitation.

The Lord shall reign for ever and ever.

27*Isaiah lx: 1, 2, 10, 13.*

Thus saith the Lord : The heaven is my throne and the earth is my footstool ;

What manner of house will ye build unto me and what place shall be my rest ?

For all things mine hand made and all things come to pass through me :

Yet will I look to this man, even to him that is poor
and of a contrite spirit and that trembleth at
my word.

Rejoice ye with Jerusalem, and be glad for her all
ye that love her ; sing for joy all ye that mourn
for her.

As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I com-
fort you and ye shall be comforted in Jeru-
salem.

28

Jeremiah iii : 21, 23.

A voice is heard upon the barren heights, the weep-
ings and the supplications of the children of
Israel ;

For that they have perverted their way, they have
forgotten the Lord their God.

Return, ye backsliding children, I will heal your
backslidings.

Behold, we are come unto Thee, for Thou art the
Lord our God : truly, in the Lord our God is
the help of Israel.

29

Jeremiah iv : 1, 2.

If thou wilt return, O Israel, saith the Lord, unto
Me shalt thou return ;

And if thou wilt put away thy sins out of My sight,
then shalt thou not be removed.

But thou shalt swear : As the Lord liveth, in truth,
 in judgment, and in righteousness ;
 And the nations shall bless themselves in Him, and
 in Him shall they glory.

30

Cast thy burden upon the Lord and He shall sus-
 tain thee ; He never will suffer the righteous
 to fall ; He is at thy right hand.

Thy mercy, Lord, is great and far above the
 heavens. Let none be made ashamed that
 wait upon Thee.

31

Isaiah liv : 10.

For the mountains shall depart and the hills be re-
 moved.

But My kindness shall not depart from thee, neither
 shall the covenant of My peace be removed.

32

Psalm vi : 4, 9.

Turn Thee, O Lord, and deliver my soul ; O, save
 me for Thy mercy's sake,

For I am weak and my soul is sore troubled ! How
 long wilt Thou chastise me !

The Lord hath heard my petition ; He will receive
 my prayer.

33

xxxiii : 1, 20, 22.

Rejoice in the Lord, O ye righteous, for it becometh well the just to be thankful.
 Our soul hath patiently waited for the Lord ; He is our help and our shield.
 Our heart shall rejoice in Him, for we have trusted in His holy name.
 Let Thy merciful kindness be upon us, like as we do put our trust in Thee.

34

I. *Chron.* xxxix : 11.

Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the power, and the glory, and the victory, and the majesty,
 For all that is in the heaven and the earth is Thine. Thine is the kingdom, O Lord, and Thou art exalted as head over all.

35

Psalm xxii : 22, 24, 27, 28.

I will declare Thy name unto my brethren, in the midst of the congregation will I praise Thee. Ye that fear the Lord praise Him, all ye children of Jacob glorify Him ; For he has not despised nor abhorred the affliction of the afflicted, neither has He hid His face from him.

But when he cried unto Him, He heard him.
All the ends of the world shall remember and turn
unto the Lord, and all the kindreds of the
nations shall worship Thee.
For the kingdom is the Lord's, and He governeth
all nations.

36

Great is the Lord and greatly to be praised in the
city of our God, in the mountain of His holiness.

We have thought of Thy loving-kindness in the
midst of Thy temple.

According to Thy name, so is Thy praise unto the
ends of the earth.

37

O be joyful, sing, and rejoice before the Lord ;
give thanks unto Him that reigneth forever.

For His mercy reacheth unto the heavens, and His
faithfulness unto the clouds.

It is Thou, Lord, that commandest the waters and
that rulest the sea ; O let not my foes triumph
over me.

Blessed be God in all the places of His dominion ;
He is good and gracious, showing mercy unto
them that call on His holy name.

His excellent majesty shall last for ever and ever.

38

Incline Thine ear to me, O Lord ; make haste to deliver me ;
 O save me for Thy mercies' sake. Amen !

39

Isaiah iv : 6, 7.

Seek ye the Lord while He may be found, call ye upon Him while He is near.

Let the wicked forsake his way and the unrighteous man his thoughts ; and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him ; and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon.

40

O Lord, most merciful ! we adore Thee ; hear our prayer !

O Lord of Hosts, in Thy great mercy towards us draw nigh !

Hide Thy face from our sins ; blot out all our iniquities ;

Grant us mercy ; give us Thy peace forever !

Hear, we implore Thee, and save us ; in Thy great mercy towards us draw nigh and hear us !

41

The heavens are telling the glory of God ; the wonder of His work displays the firmament.
Day speaks to day, night giveth knowledge to the following night.
In all the lands resounds the word, never unperceived, ever understood.

42

EVENING PRAYER.

Here as the night is falling,
Stars from the shadows calling,
Lord, to Thy shelter flying
Raise we an evening prayer.
Only on Thee relying,
Make us this night Thy care.

While all unconscious sleeping,
Have us, O have us in Thy keeping !
Father, graciously hear us,
Kindly our strength renew.
Thus for the morrow prepare us,
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